TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881. NO. 19

Poetry.

For the Blade.

GUILTY.

BY R. R.

A preacher? Well, sir, I suppose you have come to see
If I'm prepared to die and to meet eternity;
Yes, that is what you came for. Well, I guessed as much—
I'm glad, and here's my hand, if you do not dread its touch.

Yes, I die to-morrow. You think I'm a hardened case,
Because I do not flinch when I look death in the face;
But I've not much to live for, so its no loss to die—
I should repent my sin, perhaps, but I do not no, repent—not I.

* * * * * * *

Sit you down there, Parson, and listen to me a spell,
You've said your say, and, of course, it sounded well;
I should be sorry, doubtless, and all that sort of thing,
But hear my story first, before you the verdict bring.

I had an only sister, winsome and sweet to kiss,
Left without a mother when too young her care to miss.
Our father was a drunkard, and so had I to be
Mother, father, brother, to the wee girl left to me.

Men are close-mouthed and still, about such things at best,
And when I say I loved her—you'll have to guess the rest.
I worked, and toiled and thought for her, glad to save her care,
And as she grew a woman, was proud that she was fair.

For she had all the beauty that ever woman wore.
Fair and pure as angels are upon the shining shore.
She minded me of lilies that lift their graceful heads,
Fairer far than all the flowers in the garden beds.

I sent her away to school, although it hurt me, had,
But I wanted her to learn more than e'er her brother had;
Then I worked on all the harder, and tried my very best
To send her money enough to keep her nicely dressed.

One day I got a letter, I opened it and read
Something that made me glad—our mother was lying dead.
A woman's hand had written, my sister was a —Oh,
I cannot speak that cruel word, it hit me like a blow.

'Twas a heartless letter to send to me, her only brother,
But I have heard that women were hardest on each other.
I went to her at once, though my heart seemed turned to stone,
But all I said when we met, was: "Daisy, dear, come home."

She fell upon my neck, then sobbing like a child,
And after a bit she told me, in broken words and wild,
All her pitiful story, and gave the coward's name
That had won her girlish heart, then left her to her shame.

She was but a girl and weak—she loved him and she fell,
If you preachers tell the truth, her soul is doomed to hell.
I took her home with me, away from the school girls' scorn,
And but a few months after her little child was born.

I'm not given to weeping, I never cried before,
But I dropped some woman's tears o'er the baby that she bore.
The little sinless baby, without an honest name,
And I cursed the man that gave it its heritage of shame.

The next day when they called me: She was dying—as they said,
Oh, God she looked already as if she might be dead.
She took my hand and held it, in vain she tried to speak,
The big tears dropping slowly upon her wasted cheek.

At last; Take care—of—baby, came the faint, broken tone;
Then, with a cry of anguish, her troubled soul had flown.
And there, by her still form, and before just God on high,
I swore, deep in my heart, that her murderer should die.

The baby died soon after, then I was left alone;
If it had lived my heart might have softer, gentler grown!
But, while hot within me burned the pain and the disgrace,
Their murderer and I one day met suddenly face to face.

The devil that was in me leaped up, alert, awake,
But I crushed it, held it down, for the dead baby's sake;
And while I told their story, my heart grew soft again,
If he had shown some pity I might have spared him then.

Pity! Can devils feel it? He called her a shameless name—
He that had dragged her down to the very depths of shame,
My blood leaped to a flame that scorched to my finger tips.
And I shot the coward down with the words upon his lips.

That is what I die for. I have seen your tear drops start,
While I have told my story. I thank your kindly heart.
I took the law in my hands? True, Parson, for I knew,
The law would never reach him, his cash would slip him through.

They have found me "Guilty" here, but there is One on high,
Who can see far more than they, with His all-seeing eye.
I'm not afraid to meet Him, nor my dead sister there;
Good-bye, God bless you, Parson, give the guilty one a prayer.

A lady well known in London society is famous for the coolness and sweetness with which she always promises to send cards to Mrs. So-and-So, or Lady Dash, whom she has never seen. She does not even ask the usual questions. She replies promptly, "Yes, yes! she shall have a card. I'll send it off after lunch." And the heart of the applicant sinks within him. He knows the card will never be sent. Had she said "No," there would have been an opportunity for persuasion, for argument, a struggle for the victory itself. But the cheerfully uttered "Yes" takes the very ground from under his feet.

The Chicago hackmen strenuously object to wearing badges, on the ground that no young man will hire them to drive him to the opera while thus decorated. According to the *Herald*, all Chicago young women now assume that the carriage in which they ride to the opera belongs to their particular young men. They do not quite see how a salary of $10 per week can stand the wear and tear of a carriage and pair; but with that sweet trustfulness, which is the crowning beauty of womanhood, they assume that Gustavus Adolphus is simply a prince in disguise, able to buy a bank did he but choose to do so.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

CHAPTER VI.

To really enjoy life in a camp of instruction requires a peculiar mind. It requires a strong liking for a treadmill round of merely mechanical duties; it requires a taste for disagreeably early rising at the unwelcome summons of the *reveille* to a long day, filled with a tiresome routine, in which laborious drills alternate with tedious roll-calls, and wearisome inspections and parades; it requires an appetite for coarse food, cooked in a coarse way by coarse men; it requires pleased contentment with walks cut short by the camp guard, and with amusements restricted to rough horse-play on the parade ground, and dull games of cards by the light of a sputtering candle.

It was this that tried Harry Glen's resolution sorely. When he had enlisted with the intention of redeeming himself, he had expected that a speedy march to the field and prompt entrance into an engagement would give him the opportunity he desired. He had carefully nerved himself up to meet the dreadful ordeal of battle. But this ordeal became a continually receding point. Day by day saw it apparently more remote, while the disheartening annoyances grew continually more plentiful and more irksome. He learned very painfully that the most disagreeable part of war is not the grand excitement of battle, but the daily sacrifices of personal liberty, tastes, feelings and conveniences involved in camp life, and the reduction of one's proudly cherished individuality to the dead level of a passive, obedient, will-less private soldier. He felt himself now quite willing to go into battle, if it would in some way bring relief from the daily necessity of standing in ranks with fellows that he disliked, of joining with them in the repugnant duty of cleaning up the camp, of obeying promptly and uncomplainingly the roughly delivered orders of Lieut. Jacob Alspaugh, and of living on the fat pork and hard bread of the enlisted men, instead of taking his meals with a mess of officers.

But the more he brooded upon the consequences of his first evasion of the duties of his comrades the more bitter the lesson seemed, and the more imperative now that he neglect nothing to reinstate himself in the good graces of the people of Sardis, and especially in those of Rachel Bond.

So he endured all, with as much outward cheerfulness as he could command. The Colonel had endeavored to ease his lot a little, by offering him a position as clerk at headquarters, but Harry understood at once that if he accepted this it would be taken for granted that he had wearied of his intention to redeem himself, and his pride made him return a respectful declination to the kind offer.

The weary weeks of instruction in the State camp were at last ended, and as the woods began to glow with the rich colors of early Autumn, the regiment crossed the Ohio river, and bentered Kentucky.

"Now we shall have work to do, said the Colonel, proudly, as he sat on his horse on the river bank in Covington, and watched his regiment march in solid, forceful array up the levee."

"No doubt of that," answered the Major, "they say the Rebels are filling Kentucky with troops, and are going to fight for every foot of the old dark and bloody ground." I think myself we're going to earn all we get of it."

"To-day's papers say," said the Surgeon, "that Gen. Sherman says that it will take 200,000 troops to redeem Kentucky."

"Yes," broke in the Colonel, testily, "and the same papers agree in pronouncing Sherman crazy. But no matter how many or how few it takes. That's none of our affair. We are down here to do our duty. We have 1,200 good men on our rolls, and we are going to do all that 1,200 good men can do. God Almighty and Abe Lincoln have got to take care of the rest."

It will be seen that the Colonel was a very practical soldier.

Harry Glen, marching in his place as a Sergeant of his Company, overheard the conversation and felt a little sinking at the heart, over the prospect. Lieut. Jacob Alspaugh also overheard, and he remembered with regret that he had not called the Surgeon's attention to some premonitory symptoms of rheumatism, that he felt might incapacitate him for actual service, if they should be developt by the unpleasant proximity of the enemy. But as no Rebels appeared on the sweeping semi circle of hills that shut in Covington from the south, he concluded he could hold his disability in abeyance, by an effort of the will, until they marched a little farther.

But the wave of Rebel occupation had not swept up to the Ohio, much as had been expected of it, by the boastful Secessionists. For days the regiment marched steadily on through the wonderfully lovely Blue Grass Region, toward the interior of the State, without coming into the proximity of any organized body of the enemy.

Harry Glen's tremors upon first entering the enemy's country again subsided so far as to allow him to enjoy the beauties of the scenery, and the pleasures of out-of-door life in so attractive a region. The magnificent turnpike—hard and smooth as a floor—wound round romantic hills, and through forests painted in more than royal magnificence by the magic hand of the first frost, and aromatic with the scent of ripened nuts and the grateful odor of the changing leaves. They passed through places whose names recalled to Harry's memory all he had ever read of the battles, massacres, and desperate encounters with the Indians of Daniel Boone and his heroic associates in the early history of the country. They saw everywhere substantial stone houses, mills, and fertile fields. The horses were proud-stepping thoroughbreds, the women comely and spirited, the men athletic and dignified, and all seemed to be well fed and comfortable.

"This certainly seems to be an ideal farming land,—a place where you could naturally locate any pastoral idyl or bucolic love story," he said, one evening, winding up a long eulogy, to the Surgeon who had stopped for a moment beside his camp fire to talk with him.

"Yes," answered the latter, "and it's as dull and sleepy, and non progressive as all those places are where they locate what you call your idyls, and pastorals. Those people have not got an idea belonging to this century, nor do they want any. They know how to raise handsome girls, distil good whisky, and breed fast horses. This they esteem the end of all human knowledge and understanding. Anything more is to them vanity and useless vexation of spirit."

At last the regiment halted under the grand old beeches and generously fruited hickories of the famous Camp Dick Robinson, in the heart of the Blue Grass Region, and in the most picturesque part of the lovely Kentucky River Valley. Here they spent many bright October days very delightfully. Nature is as kind and gracious in Central Kentucky as she is in any part of the globe upon which her sun shines, and she seemed to be on her best behavior now in order to impress the Northern visitors. The orchards were loaded with fruit, the forest trees showered nuts upon the ground, and in every field were groups of persimmon trees, their branches loaded with their peculiar fruit, which the frost had changed to a sheeny coating of royal purple on the outside, and the sweetness of fine wine within. Over all bent softly brilliant skies, and the bland, bracing air was charged with the electricity of life and happiness.

It was the very poetry of soldiering, and even Harry began to forget the miseries of the Camp of Instruction, and to believe that there was much to be enjoyed even in the life of an enlisted man.

In camp there was daily excitement. The native Rebels were both numerous and defiant, and kept up such demonstrations as led to continual apprehension of attack. New regiments came in constantly, and were received with enthusiasm. Kentucky and East Tennessee Loyalists, tall, gaunt, long haired and quaint spoken, but burning with enthusiasm for the Government of their fathers, flocked to the camp, doffed their butternut garb and assumed the blue, and enrolled themselves to defend the Union.

At length it became evident that the Rebel "Army of Liberation" was really about crossing the mountains to recover the whole of the State for the Southern Confederacy. Outposts were thrown out in all directions to gain the earliest intelligence of the progress of the movement, and make such resistance to it as might be possible. One of these outposts was stationed at Wildcat Gap, an inexpressibly wild and desolate region, where the road entering Tennessee from Kentucky crossed the Wildcat range of mountains. This was 60 miles from Camp Dick Robinson.

One day the startling news reached the camp that the slender force at Wildcat Gap was menaced by an overwhelming body of Rebels, under Gen. Zollicoffer. The "assembly" was sounded, and the regiment was hastily provided with rations and ammunition, and hurried forward to succor the threatened outpost.

Nature ceased her smiling at once and put on one of her most disagreeable frowns. The blue, bending skies were transformed into a scowling, leaden visaged canopy, from which a chilling, misery-engendering rain fell incessantly.

When the order to march came Harry Glen filled his box with cartridges, rolled his blanket and flung it over his shoulders, packed his three days' rations in his haversack, and took his place as file-closer, in the rear of the company, conscious all the time that every movement was being scrutinized by the boys who had been with him in Virginia, and who were curious to know how he would face the music. But he suffered no indication of this consciousness of being watched to escape him, doing his duties as calmly and nonchalantly as if preparing for a dress parade. Lieut. Jacob Alspaugh's rheumatism, however, took such an acute form at this juncture that any attempt to move one of his limbs elicited the most touching demonstrations of anguish, and a squad of men was detailed to carry him into the most comfortable room in a newly-erected barracks, that nothing might be left undone which would contribute to restore to his country the services of so valuable a soldier.

The regiment marched away through the dismal rain as fast as heavily encumbered men could be spurred onward by the consciousness of their comrades' imminent need.

It was fearful hard work, even as long as the pike lasted, and they had a firm, smooth foundation for their feet to tread upon. But the pike ended at Crab Orchard, and then they plunged into the worst roads that the South offered to resist the advance of the Union armies. Narrow, tortuous unworked substitutes for highways wound around and over steep, rocky hills, through miry creek bottoms, and over bridgeless streams, now so swollen as to be simply unfordable by less determined men starting on a less urgent errand.

For three weary, discouraging days they pressed onward, through the dispiriting rain, and over all the exhausting obstacles. On the morning of the fourth day they reached the foot of the range in which Wildcat Gap was situated. They were marching slowly up the steep mountain side, their sodden garments clinging about their weary limbs, and clogging their footsteps. Suddenly a sullen boom rolled out of the mist that hung over the distant mountains. Every one stopt and listened. Then another came, and then a third in quick succession.

"By God, that's cannon," said the Colonel. "They're attacking our boys. Throw off everything, men, and hurry forward."

Overcoats, blankets, haversacks and knapsacks were hastily flung into a pile, and two of the most exhausted men in each company were ordered to remain behind as a guard for them. While this was being done Harry Glen stood leaning on his musket, and listening to the quickly following reports, while his heart sank within him, as he thought of the awful carnage they indicated.

All the thoughts and feelings that will rush into the mind in such a situation crowded upon him. He remembered all the pleasant things that life had in store for him, all that he could enjoy and accomplish, all that he might be to others, and others be to him. Could he give all this up, and die there at the top of the mountain, in this dull, brutal, unheroic fashion, in the filthy mud and the dreary rain, with no one to note or care whether he acted courageously or otherwise. It seemed a senseless squandering of the youth and abilities which had been given him to do so, and again palsying fear and ignoble selfishness tugged at his heart strings, and he felt all his carefully cultivated resolutions gradually weakening as the cannonading became more severe. How the struggle would have ended, if he had been left to himself, it is hard to say, but while he debated internally, his sleeve was pulled, and turning he saw Jimmy Stimson, a pale, slender lad, the youngest member of the company, and the only son of a widow in Sardis who gained a modest support by sewing.

"Sergeant," said Jimmy, anxiously, "they have ordered me to stay behind with the knapsacks, but I want to go with the rest of the boys so bad. I'll promise to keep up, and you know I can if I try. I have kept up all the time much better than most of them. Let Tom Linn, there, whose feet are sore, and who don't care about going into the fight, take my place, *please*."

Harry Glen looked at Tom Linn, who a six footer, and saw that his broad face wore unmistakable signs of a distaste for for any nearer acquaintance with the scene of carnage. He said in an undertone to Jimmy:

"Well, if you want to go so badly you can; but make the exchange quietly without attracting attention."

At that moment all his own manhood rose up within him at the reproof of this boy's example. Then he heard the Colonel thunder out:

"Now, men, our comrades are in trouble up there and we must go to their help as quickly as possible. Every minute is worth many lives. The Captains and Sergeants will see that everybody keeps his place, and that nobody straggles. *Battalion*, FORWARD, MARCH!"

As they ascended the mountain the sounds of the conflict became more clear and appaling. They could soon hear the rattle of the busy musketry, and then the cheers and yells of the combatants as they charged each other. Then, more fearful than all, they encountered a stream of fugitives from the [illegible] on the crest, which now appeared [illegible] smouldering volcano, rolling [illegible] phurous smoke. Then a few wounded men straggled back, who spoke more cheerfully of the prospects of victory. A battery which had accompanied the regiment, now pulled up ahead of it, and as a bit of good road was reached, the jaded horses were lashed into a run, and the guns disappeared around a turn in the road. Hardly had they done so when the din was increased by several sharp reports.

"Why, that battery's got into position already," said the Colonel, in astonishment. "That artillery Captain's a lively fellow, as sure as you are born."

A cheer from the Union side had greeted the arrival of the battery. Then came a sharper roll of musketry, and another loud cheer, and a band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The regiment, every man in a state of intense excitement, had now gained the crest of the gap. Before them they could see a long, irregular line of men in blue, some firing down a gorge in front, some throwing their hats in the air and cheering as if they would split their throats. The gorge in front and below was filled with a struggling mass of men in gray uniforms, who were flying as precipitately as the rough ground would admit, from the pelting musketry, and the screaming shells sent in pursuit of them.

On a high knoll to the left of the gap stood the band of an Indiana regiment, making the woods ring with its enthusiastic pealing forth of National airs.

"Colonel, I am glad to see you," said the commander of the Gap, "but you are unfortunate in getting here a little too late to take a hand in the dispute. The battle is over, and the enemy is badly whipt. There's nothing more to be done."

"Well, I'm happy to say that I did duty as far as it was required of me," said Harry Glen to himself, with more self-satisfaction than he had felt for months.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPOOPENDYKE.

The Reason they Did Not Go to the Masquerade.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hurried in, hot and breathless, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-night?"

"It's all ready," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, beaming, "you go as—let me see—. I go as a Spanish guitar girl, and you go as—as—its either Louis Fourteenth, or Oliver Cromwell or Sir Robert Burns, I've forgotten which the man called it."

"I do, do I?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring around. "I go as one of 'em, do I?" As they are all dead, and as I will do for all three, p'raps you can get a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It is a double and—"

"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it was a triplet. Is there a trousers with it? Got a shirt. I told you to get me a bandit suit, didn't I? Fetch out this Cromwell business! Show me this man Burns! Any sword go with it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought forth a worn red velvet jacket, trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow velvet knee breeches, slashed up the side. This she supplemented with a felt hat, and a pair of jack boots armed with spurs.

"Maybe it is a bandit's suit, after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis Fourteenth end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element on this schedule! If I'm going to get into this thing chronologically, I must begin with the measly king and wind off with the dod gasted poet; which is the king part?" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot out of his business suit and drew on the velvet trousers. "Where's the rest on 'em?" he demanded, surveying an expanse of unclothed limb. "This whole thing is only one leg. Where's the pair for the other leg? Give me some more trousers," and Mr. Spoopendyke scowled about him.

"Don't the boots come up to meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, in some trepidation.

Mr Spoopendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of nearly a foot.

"I s'pose this barelegged arrangement is the Burns part," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "He was a Highlander, and this much of me is Burns. Show me the Cromwell part now. Is that hat it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on the hat and breathed hard. "Where's the rest of me? My head and legs are all right; bring out my back and stomach!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him the jacket and he plunged into it with a jerk.

"That what you wanted?" he howled. "Couldn't you make more'n three epochs of Me? Didn't the man have but three historical dates? Pull that jacket down a couple of centuries, can't ye? Don't you see the bottom of the dod gasted thing is two hundred years from reaching the waistband of the Burns breeches?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tugged at the abbreviated coat and snorted with wrath.

"Maybe that was the way it was meant to go," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke. I saw—"

"You sawed off the coat and pants, now s'pose you saw off a rod of this hat and patch 'em out again! When did Cromwell wear that hat? What kind of a bet did he win that on? Say, where's the scaffold that goes with these measly politicians? Fetch out the headsmen!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced into the closet and out again. "Where's the louse that goes with the Burns part? Bring me some Charles I. to hide my legs! 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow, for man was made to mourn because his head was chopped off!'" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, combining the historical ideas he represented in one grand yell. "Fetch me three suppers for one dod gasted old idiot that trusted his wife to find a suit for him!" and Mr. Spoopendyke thrust his arm to the shoulder through the covenanter's hat, and split the coat of the lamented Louis from tail to collar band. "Look out for some Scotch romance!" and he ripped off the pants and fired them into the grate. "Here comes another page in the annals of crime!" and the boots went out of the window.

"And we—can't go—go to the—masquerade at all!" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Write an epitaph on the back of my neck, and I'll go as a tombstone!" yawped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Put three bells in my side and a torn stair carpet at my back, and I'll go as a French flat! Discharge the hired girl and get up a cold dinner, and I'll go as a boarding house! But if you think I'm going to any measly masquerade in bare legs like a baby, and bare backed like a circus just to advertise a hymn book, a gin mill and a broad ax factory, you're left, Mrs. Spoopendyke. You hear me? You're left!" Spoopendyke drew on his night shirt.

"It's too awfully mean for anything," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid away the Spanish guitar girl's costume, and warmed up her crimping pins. "I tried to get something that would suit him, and he don't appear pleased with it. Another time I'll get him a sheet and a pair of socks, so he can be a Roman senator, and if he is disappointed and tears 'em up it won't cost so much." With which profound reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke said her prayers, and planting her cold feet in Mr. Spoopendyke's stomach sank gently to rest.

A NIGHT AMONG THE NIHILISTS.

London Society.

"Robinson, the boss wants you!"

'The dickens he does!' thought I, for Mr. Dickson, Odessa agent of Baily & Co., corn merchants, was a bit of a Tartar, as I had learned to my cost. "What's the row now?' I demanded of my fellow-clerk; "has he got scent of our Nicolaieff escapade, or what is it?"

"No idea," said Gregory; "the old boy seems in a good-enough humor; some business matter, probably. But don't keep him waiting." So, summoning up an air of injured innocence, to be ready for all contingencies, I marched into the lion's den.

Mr. Dickson was standing before the fire in a Briton's time-honored attitude, and motioned me into a chair in front of him. "Mr. Robinson," he said, "I have great confidence in your discretion and common sense. The follies of youth will break out, but I think that you have a sterling foundation to your character underlying any superficial levity.

I bowed.

"I believe," he continued, "that you can speak Russian pretty fluently."

I bowed again.

"I have then," he proceeded, "a mission which I wish you to undertake, and on the success of which your promotion may depend. I would not trust it to a subordinate, were it not that a duty ties me to my post at present."

'You may depend upon my doing my best, sir," I replied.

"Right, sir, quite right! What I wish you to do is briefly this: The line of railway has just been opened to Solteff, some hundred miles up the country. Now I wish to get the start of the other Odessa firms in securing the produce of that district, which I have reason to believe may be had at very low prices. You will proceed by rail to Solteff, and interview a Mr Dimidoff, who is the largest landed proprietor in the town Make as favorable terms as you can with him. Both Mr. Dimidoff and I wish the whole thing to be done as quietly and as secretly as possible; in fact, that nothing should be known about the matter until the grain appears in Odessa You will find yourself expected at the end of your journey, and will start to-night. Money will be ready for your expenses."

"Gregory," I said, as I strutted into the office, "I'm off on a mission—a secret mission, my boy—an affair of thousands of pounds Lend me your little portmanteau, mine's too imposing, and tell Ivan to pack it. A Russian millionaire expects me at the end of my journey. Don't breathe a word of it to any of Simpkins' people, or the whole game will be up. Keep it dark!"

I was so charmed at being, as it were, behind the scenes, that I crept about the office all day in a sort of cloak and bloody dagger style, with responsibility and brooding care marked on every feature, and when at night I stepped out and stole down to the station the unprejudiced observer would certainly have guessed from my general behavior, that I had emptied the contents of the strong box before starting into that little valise of Gregory's. It was imprudent of him, by the way, to leave English labels posted all over it. However, I could not hope that "Londons" and "Birminghams" would attract no attention, or, at least, that no rival corn merchant might deduce from them who I was and what my errand might be.

Having paid the necessary rubles and got my ticket, I ensconsed myself in the corner of a snug Russian car and pondered over my extraordinary good fortune. Dickson was growing old now, and if I could make my mark in this matter it might be a great thing for me. Dreams arose of a partnership in the firm. The noisy wheels seemed to clank out "Bailey, Robinson & Co.," "Bailey, Robinson & Co.," in a monotonous refrain, which gradually sank into a hum, and finally ceased as I dropped into a deep sleep. Had I known the experience which awaited me at the end of my journey it hardly would have been so peaceable.

I awoke with an uneasy feeling that some one was watching me closely, nor was I mistaken. A tall, dark man had taken up his position on the seat opposite, and his black, sinister eyes seem to look through me and beyond me, as if he wished to read my very soul. Then I saw him glance down at my little trunk.

"Good heavens," thought I; "here's Simpkins' agent, I suppose. It was careless of Gregory to leave those confounded labels on the valise."

I closed my eyes for a time, but on reopening them I again caught the stranger's earnest gaze.

"From England, I see," he said in Russian, showing a row of white teeth in what was meant to be an amiable smile.

"Yes," I replied, trying to look unconcerned, but painfully aware of my failure.

"Traveling for pleasure, perhaps?" said he.

"Yes," I answered eagerly; "certainly for pleasure; nothing else."

"Of course not," said he, with a shade of irony in his voice. "Englishmen always travel for pleasure, don't they? O, no, nothing else."

His conduct was mysterious, to say the least of it. It was only explainable upon two hypotheses—he was either a madman or he was the agent of some firm bound upon the same errand as myself, and determined to show me that he guessed my little game. They were about equally unpleasant, and on the whole I was relieved when the train pulled up in the tumble-down shed which does duty for a station in the rising town of Solteff—Solteff, whose resources I was about to open out, and whose commerce I was to direct into the great world channels. I almost expected to see a triumphal arch as I stepped on to the platform.

I was to be expected at the end of my journey, so Mr. Dickson had informed me. I looked about among the motley crowd, but saw no Mr. Dimidoff. Suddenly a slovenly, unshaved man passed me rapidly and glanced first at me and then at my trunk—that wretched trunk, the cause of all my woes. He disappeared in the crowd; but in a little time came strolling past me again, and contrived to whisper as he did so, "Follow me, but at some distance," immediately setting off out of the station and down the street at a rapid pace. Here was mystery with a vengeance. I trotted along in his rear with my valise, and on turning the corner found a rough droschky waiting for me. My unshaven friend opened the door and I stepped in.

"Is Mr. Dim—," I was beginning.

"Hush!" he cried. "No names, no names; the very winds have ears. You will hear all to-night;" and with that assurance he closed the door, and seizing the reins we drove off at a rapid pace; so rapid that I saw my black-eyed acquaintance of the railway carriage gazing after us in surprise until we were out of sight.

I thought over the whole matter as we jogged along in that abominable springless conveyance.

"They say the nobles are tyrants in Russia," I mused; "but it seems to me to be the other way about, for here's this poor Mr. Dimidoff, who evidently thinks his ex-serfs will rise and murder him if he raises the price of grain in the district by exporting some out of it. Fancy being obliged to have recourse to all this mystery and deception in order to sell one's own property. Why, its worse than an Irish landlord! It is monstrous! Well, he doesn't seem to live in a very aristocratic quarter, either," I soliloquized, as I gazed out at the narrow, crooked streets and the unkept, dirty Muscovites whom we passed. "I wish Gregory or some one was with me, for it's a cut-throat looking shop! By Jove, he's pulling up; we must be there?"

We were there, to all appearance: for the droschky stopped, and my driver's shaggy head appeared through the aperture.

"It is here most honored master," he said, as he helped me to alight.

"Is Mr. Dimid—," I commenced; but he interrupted me again.

"Anything but names," he whispered; "anything but that. You are too used to a land that is free Caution, O sacred one!" and he ushered me down a stone-flagged passage and up a stair at the end of it. "Sit for a few minutes in this room," he said, opening a door, "and a repast will be served for you," and with that he left me to my own reflections.

"Well," thought I, "whatever Mr. Dimidoff's house may be like, his servants are undoubtedly well trained. 'O sacred one!' and 'reverend master!' I wonder what he'd call old Dickson himself, if he is so polite to the clerk? I suppose it wouldn't be the thing to smoke in this little crib, but I could do a pipe nicely. By the way, how confoundedly like a cell it looks!"

It certainly did look like a cell. The door was an iron one, and enormously strong, while the single window was closely barred. The floor was of wood and sounded hollow and insecure as I strode across it. Both floor and walls were thickly splashed with coffee or some dark liquid. On the whole it was far from being a place where one would be likely to become unreasonably festive.

I had hardly concluded my survey when I heard steps approaching down the corridor, and the door was opened by my old friend of the droschky. He announced that my dinner was ready, and, with many bows and apologies for leaving me in what he called the "dismissal room," he led me down the passage and into a large and beautifully furnished apartment. A table was spread for two in the center of it, and by the fire was standing a man very little older than myself. He turned as I came in and stepped forward to meet me with every symptom of profound respect.

"So young and yet so honored!" he exclaimed; and then seeming to recollect himself, he continued: "Pray sit at the head of the table. You must be fatigued by your long and arduous journey. We dine *tete-a-tete*, but the others assemble afterward."

"Mr. Dimidoff, I presume?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, turning his keen gray eyes upon me. "My name is Petrokine; you mistake me perhaps for one of the others. But now, not a word of business until the council meets. Try your *chef's* soup; you will find it excellent, I think."

Who Mr. Petrokine or the others might be I could not conceive. Land stewards of Dimidoff's, perhaps, though the name did not seem familiar to my companion. However, as he appeared to shun any business questions at present I gave in to his humor, and we conversed on social life in England—a subject in which he displayed considerable knowledge and acuteness. His remarks, too, on Malthus and the laws of population were wonderfully good, though savoring somewhat of radicalism.

"By the way," he remarked, as we smoked a cigar over our wine, "we should never have known you but for the English labels on your luggage; it was the luckiest thing in the world that Alexander noticed them. We had had no personal description of you; indeed we were prepared to expect a somewhat older man. You are young, indeed, sir, to be intrusted with such a mission."

"My employer trusts me," I replied; "and——"

"Your remark is true, sir," returned my newly made friend; "but I am surprised to hear you call our glorious association a trade! Such a term is gross, indeed, to apply to a body of men banded together to supply the world with that which it is yearning for, but which, without our exertions, it can never hope to attain. A spiritual brotherhood would be a more fitting term."

"By Jove," thought I, "how pleased the boss would be to hear him. He must have been in the business himself, whoever he is."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Petrokine, "the clock points to 8, and the council must be already sitting. Let us go up together and I will introduce you. I need hardly say that the greatest secresy is observed, and that your appearance is anxiously awaited."

I turned over in my mind as I followed him how I might best fulfil my mission and secure the most advantageous terms. They seemed as anxious as I was in the matter, and there appeared to be no opposition, so perhaps the best thing would be to wait and see what they would propose.

I had hardly come to this conclusion when my guide swung open a large door at the end of a passage, and I found myself in a room larger and even more gorgeously fitted up than the one in which I had dined. A long table, covered with green baize and strewn with papers, ran down the middle, and round it were sitting 14 or 15 men conversing earnestly. The whole scene reminded me forcibly of a gambling hell I had visited some time before.

Upon our entrance the company rose and bowed. I could not but remark that my companion attracted no attention, while every eye was turned upon me with a strange mixture of surprise and almost servile respect. A man at the head of the table, who was remarkable for the extreme pallor of his face as contrasted with the blue-back hair and mustache, waved his hand to a seat beside him, and I sat down.

"I need hardly say," said Mr. Petrokine, "that Gustave Berger, the English agent, is now honoring us with his presence. He is young, indeed, Alexis," he continued to my pale-faced neighbor, and yet he is of European reputation."

"Come, draw it mild!" thought I, adding aloud, "If you refer to me, sir, though I am indeed acting as English agent, my name is not Berger, but Robinson—Mr. Tom Robinson, at your service."

A laugh ran around the table.

"So be it, so be it," said the man they called Alexis. "I commend your discretion, most honored sir. One cannot be too careful. Preserve your English *sobriquet* by all means. I regret that any painful duty should be performed upon this auspicious evening; but the rules of our association must be preserved at any cost to our feelings, and a dismissal is inevitable to-night."

"What the deuce is the fellow driving at?" thought I. "What is it to me if he does give his servant the sack? This Dimidoff, whatever he is, seems to keep a private lunatic asylum."

"Take out the gag!" The words fairly shot through me, and I started in my chair. It was Petrokine who spoke. For the first time I noticed that a burly, stout man, sitting at the other end of the table, had his arms tied behind his chair and a handkerchief round his mouth. A horrible suspicion began to creep into my heart. Where was I? Was I in Mr. Dimidoff's? Who were these men with their strange words?

"Take out the gag!" repeated Petrokine; and the handkerchief was removed.

"Now, Paul Ivanovitch," said he, "what have you to say before you go?"

"Not a dismissal, sirs," he replied, "not a dismissal; anything but that! I will go into some distant land, and my mouth shall be closed forever. I will do anything that the society asks; but pray, pray, do not dismiss me."

"You know our laws, and you know your crime," said Alexis, in a cold, harsh voice. "Who drove us from Odessa by his false tongue and his double face? Who wrote the anonymous letter to the Governor? Who cut the wire that would have destroyed the arch tyrant? You did, Paul Ivanovitch; and you must die."

I leaned back in my chair and fairly gasped.

"Remove him!" said Petrokine; and the man of the droschky with two others forced him out.

I heard the footsteps pass down the passage, and then a door open and shut. Then came a sound as of a struggle, ending by a heavy crushing blow and a dull thud.

"So perish all who are false to their oath," said Alexis, solemnly; and a hoarse "Amen" went up from his companions.

"Death alone can dismiss us from our order," said another man further down; "but Mr. Berg—Mr. Robinson is pale. The scene has been too much for him after his long journey from England."

"O Tom, Tom," thought I; "if ever you get out of this scrape you'll turn over a new leaf. You're not fit to die, and that's a fact." It was only too evident to me now that by some strange misconception I had got in among a gang of cold-blooded Nihilists, who mistook me for one of their order. I felt, after what I had witnessed, that my only chance of life was to try to play the role thus forced upon me until an opportunity for escape should present itself; so I tried hard to regain my air of self-possession, which had been so rudely shaken.

"I am indeed fatigued," I replied, "but I feel stronger now. Excuse my momentary weakness."

"It was but natural," said a man with a thick beard at my right hand. "And now, most honored sir, how goes the cause in England?"

'Remarkably well," I answered.

"Has the great commissioner condescended to send a missive to the Solteff branch," asked Petrokine.

"Nothing in writing," I replied.

'But he has spoken of it?"

"Yes; he said he had watched it with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction," I returned.

"'Tis well! 'tis well!" ran round the table.

I felt giddy and sick from the critical nature of my position. Any moment a question might be asked which would show me in my true colors. I rose and helped myself from a decanter of brandy which stood on a side table. The potent liquor flew to my excited brain, and as I sat down I felt reckless enough to be half amused at my position, and inclined to play with my tormentors. I still, however, had all my wits about me.

"You have been to Birmingham?" asked the man with the beard.

"Many times," said I.

"Then you have, of course, seen the private workshop and arsenal?'

"I have been over them both more than once."

"It is still, I suppose, entirely unsuspected by the police?" continued my interlocutor.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Can you tell us how is it that so large a concern is kept so completely secret."

Here was a poser, but my native impudence and the brandy seemed to come to my aid.

"That is information," I replied, "which I do not feel justified in revealing even here. In withholding it I am acting under the direction of the chief commissioner."

"You are right—perfectly right," said my original friend Petrokine. "You will no doubt make your report to the central office at Moscow before entering into such details."

"Exactly so," I replied, only too happy to get a lift out of my difficulty.

"We have heard," said Alexis, "that you were sent to inspect the Livadia. Can you give us any particulars about it?"

"Anything you ask I will endeavor to answer," I replied, in desperation.

"Have any orders been made in Birmingham concerning it?"

"None when I left England."

"Well, well, there's plenty of time yet," said the man with the beard—"many months. Will the bottom be of wood or iron?"

"Of wood," I answered at random.

"'Tis well!" said another voice. "And what is the breadth of the Clyde below Greenock?"

"It varies much," I replied; "on an average about 80 yards."

"How many men does she carry?" asked an anaemic looking youth at the foot of the table, who seemed more fit for a public school than this den of murderers.

"About 300," said I.

"A floating coffin!" said the young Nihilist, in a sepulchral voice

"Are the storerooms on a level with or underneath the state cabins?" asked Petrokine.

"Underneath," said I, decisively, though I need hardly say I had not the smallest conception.

"And now, most honored sir," said Alexis, "tell us what was the reply of Bauer, the German Socialist, to Ravinsky's proclamation."

Here was a dead-lock with a vengeance. Whether my cunning would have extricated me from it or not was never decided, for Providence hurried me from one dilemma to another, and a worse one.

A door slammed down stairs and rapid footsteps were approaching. Then came a loup tap outside, followed by two smaller ones.

"The sign of the society!" said Petrokine; "and yet we are all present. Who can it be?"

The door was thrown open, and a man entered, d

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"Heavenly Joy" is the name of a Nevada Town. The first settler found a flask of whisky there and got full.

"Back at last from Ireland, dear Sir John We have missed you!" "So have my tenants, thank goodness!"—*Punch.*

A Philadelphia man who has found a bed of remarkably fine clay on his property in the suburbs, is undecided whether to start a brick yard or a French candy shop.

"The world owes me a livin', and I'm goin' to have it." Yes, you're right. And if it won't pay it to you, make it give you a note secured by mortgage on the premises. —*Kentucky State Journal.*

A sick lawyer was asked by a brother limb what he was doing to amuse himself during his struggle for existence. "Just to keep my hand in," he replied, "I am trying to recover my health."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

"And did your late husband die in the hope of a blessed immortality, Sister Wiggins?" inquired the new minister, who was making his first call on a fair widow of his congregation. "Bless you, no;" was the mournful response, "he died in Chicago."

"The trubble with the country, sorr, is absenteeism," said an Irish car driver to the tourist. "But there are not many absentees in this part, I hear," was the reply. "Not many absentees, is it. Well, thin, let me tell you the country's just full of absentees."—*Punch.*

Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, is said to be living now in or near Philadelphia, and to be extremely poor. Everybody adores him, he complains; no one will give him employment, and at times he has not enough to eat. He thinks that he ought to have a Government office and a pension, and he has, instead, been so shamefully overlooked as to be a pathetic example of the ingratitude of republics.

It is "officially" reported that only 14 persons committed suicide at Monaco last year as the direct result of losses at the gaming table; but Mr. Polson, a gentleman of high official position in Nice, estimates the real number of suicides at an average of about three a week. For obvious reasons, the local journals suppress, as far as possible, the publication of such cases, and set down to a careless use of firearms many deliberate takings-off.

"We remember one evening," says a writer in the London *Spectator*, "an Englishman expressing more forcibly than politely his abhorrence of the Japanese custom of eating raw fish, in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, and then resident at Balliol College, Oxford. Expressions of disgust were being fluently uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speaker: 'By the by, what shall we have for supper? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? I don't eat them myself, but —.' The rest was lost in laughter at the keenness of the repartee."

The Boston Public Library is rejoicing in a trembling hope that it has become the possessor of an autograph of Shakspere. In a folio translation of "Plutarch's Lives," published in London in 1603, and at some time the property of Richard Hawkins, was found a strip of parchment put in to strengthen the binding, and upon this is what is believed to be a genuine autograph of the poet. The characteristic S is very marked, and is the first letter of the name written above and partly over the memorandum "twenty pounds," taken in connection with the place in which the name is found, is thought to indicate that the signature is really genuine.

At the splendid banquet recently given at the Tivoli Gardens, Mexico, in honor of General Ord, there was placed on the table in front of the guest of the evening a novel confection, described on the menu as "La Boule du monde enchantee." This globe, which was decorated with great ingenuity, represented the several countries of the world, especial prominence being given to the geographical relations of Mexico and the United States. At the close of the banquet General Ord was requested to break the crust of the globe. He did so, and to his perfect astonishment a number of tropical birds flew out and disappeared among the trees outside the Summer house, where they began to sign delightsully.

A funny suit was tried in a New York City Court on Thursday. One Edward Mills sued Cornelius J. Vanderbilt for $35, with interest since 1864, on account of money loaned. The plaintiff testified that in 1864 he invited old Commodore Vanderbilt and his son, Cornelius J., to take an excursion on a steamboat which he owned at that time, and that the son accepted the invitation, and brought with him a party of ladies. In the course of the day Vanderbilt told Mills he had left his pocket-book at home, and requested a small loan, as he wished to take the ladies home in a carriage and also to buy ice cream for them. Mills thereupon lent him $35. The defense set up to the action was that it was barred by the statute of limitations, but Mills proved that Vanderbilt paid $5 on account in 1874, and thus saved his case, and got judgment for $68.25.

FOR THE LADIES.

Tomato red is one of the new shades.

Carrick-Macross lace is much used on the Paris-made dresses.

Last century "pokes" are copied for Spring and Summer bonnets.

Mrs. Kate Ward Burt is "the lightning calculator" of the Census Bureau.

At Auburn Ky., a young lady asked a salesman for "men's size of ladies' shoes."

Scrim curtains edged with antique lace are more stylish than expensive lace ones.

Handsome carpets have olive-colored grounds with small bright figures on them.

The Jersey polonaise is made of the Jersey webbing and trimmed with a profusion of jet.

Woman was the first side-speculation on record. The dividends have been enormous.

Worth recently made for an English lady a cloak of green velvet, bordered and trimmed with the tails of Russian sable, at the moderate price of $8,500.

Take life as it runs and the woman with a big foot gets just as much admiration as the woman with a small one. No one dares compliment the little foot or slur the big one, and so where is the gain or loss!

A fashion item says: "The new editor of the *Atlantic*, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, waxes his mustache down to a sharp point and wears colored shirts." Enough, he is a true child of genius.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Lady visitor Scripture class—With what weapon did Sampson slay his enemies? After a period of unbroken silence, fair questioner (touching her blooming cheek)—What's this! Chorus—The jor bone of a hoss, mum.

Spun silk is a late revival; it is soft and at the same time strong. For gathering and gaging, which is so much used for trimming, it is very suitable on account of its pliability. Those who prefer silk to linen underclothing will find the spun silk very desirable, as it washes well. It is now as popular as Surah for garments of this description.

An Oshkosh mother was remonstrating with her daughter for refusing what the former considered an eligible offer of marriage.

"It's no use talkin' to me," exclaimed the recalcitrant maiden, "I won't never marry no man who scratches a match across the basement of his pantaloons."

They had been engaged to be married 15 years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day.

One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind, and asked her to sing him something tender and touching, something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang:

"Darling, I am growing old."

It was a Boston girl who asked, "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is 45 cents a pound and a good sealskin sacque costs as high as $500. The necessaries of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic and so forth.—*Norristown Herald.*

Fell Against a Sharp Edge.

[Rockford (Ill.) Register.]

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by falling against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it at least a half-inch. After suffering for a time, I concluded to try St. Jacob's Oil, and am pleased to say, that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling, and by continued use, made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

"STANDARD OIL."

The Works of the Mammoth Kerosene Factory at Cleveland.

An Institution Whose Gigantic Operations are Conducted Without Publicity.

What a Gentleman Says Who Was Allowed to Visit the Establishment.

Special Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

CLEVELAND, O., April 19.—The public knows very little of the magnitude of the great Standard Oil Works of this City. One may ride for miles along the Bastile-like inclosure on Broadway, and behold the high, and dingy, and uninviting walls, which no man can scale; he may pass clear around the many acres that are devoted to the works, and catch occasional glimpses of the great smoke stacks, and have his nostrils constantly offended by the foul smells that are constantly emitted; but no adequate conception can even then be gained of the size of the institution which controls the petroleum trade of a continent and dictates prices to the world. These works are not like those of other manufacturing establishments. They are not like those of a State prison, either, to which admittance can be obtained by almost any citizen or newspaper-scribe by gaining a pass from the Warden. The employes are said to be sworn not to reveal the secrets of the institution, and the great entrances are carefully guarded from inquisitive strangers. The reason of this is said to be two fold: First, every stranger is looked upon with suspicion, as one who may be bent upon inflicting damage or setting fire to the works; and, second, he may be capable of carrying away some of

THE MANY COSTLY SECRETS

which are embodied in the improved machinery and are the exclusive possession of the company.

At the time, some years ago, when the 1,500 barrel makers employed in one of the shops of the company got on a strike, and refused to submit to a reduction in the pay for a day's labor, and the police of the City was largely concentrated at the works to prevent a riot, some little glimpses were gained of the interior workings of the institution; but even then the utmost vigilance was exercised to prevent any entrance within the walls to the too inquisitive representatives of the press. The writer was at that time employed on one of the daily papers here, and possessed the usual degree of inquisitiveness; and, as the rumor was daily and hourly circulated that a fierce riot was likely to break out among the Bohemian employes of the institution, and the wives and children of sympathizers with the idle men were constantly gathering in turbulent groups, and the situation was being discussed in all the various languages of the continent, and speeches were being made from improvised platforms in the market-places, many visits were made to the scene of operations; but at no time did any writer, so far as is known, obtain an inside view of the forbidding walls.

Since the day in 1865, when John D. Rockafeller, a small commission merchant on one of the river streets, and Samuel Andrews, an English day-laborer, decided to go into the oil business, it has been known in a general way that the city has increased many tens of thousands in inhabitants, and the business many millions annually in money. But so quiet has been every movement, and so little has been said from this point in regard to it, that few people realize the vastness of the corporation here at home, or that a large part of the city's growth is owing to it. It has only been a means of advantage and profit to Cleveland. Individual refiners, to be sure, have been crushed out and bought up, and an occasional individual howl has gone up; but it is in Pennsylvania and New York principally, that the iron hand of monopoly has been felt gripping the throat of business, and it is accordingly in the State Legislatures and Boards of Trade of those States that the principal agitation against the growing corporation has been heard.

Most businesses thrive by advertising; the Standard Oil Company never. Most businesses desire notoriety; the Standard has gained it, and

DOES NOT LIKE IT.

Most corporations and manufacturing establishments pay largely for magazine and newspaper articles, illustrating their wonderful capacity for the work in hand. The Standard takes every precaution to prevent this. It guards the secret of its craft as the miser does the hoarded treasures of his strong box. It takes pride in the magnitude of its works; but it is silent pride, and gloated over as the ducats of monopoly are counted and the enormous dividends are awarded from month to month.

Samuel Andrews, the day-laborer of 15 years ago, has retired from the corporation at the age of 40, and is just completing a palatial residence on Euclid avenue, which eclipses any of the baronial castles of medieval times; and has the delectable prospect before him of clipping the coupons from Government bonds for a livelihood for the remainder of his natural days. It is estimated that it will cost at least $500 a week to run his new establishment. The prophecy has been made over and over again, that the great corporation would some day collapse; and there are those who think that Mr. Andrews at times shared these fears, and, being already possessed of millions, and having a favorable opportunity to retire, he chose to do so. The acquisition of his wealth,—so rapid, so easy, so enormous,—must seem to him like the dreams induced by Oriental narcotics or the vaporous visions of an Aladdin's lamp.

But the Standard will not collapse so long as its Alexander the Great—its Cromwell—remains at its head.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

has built it up, has fostered every part of its growth, understands its workings in every particular, and, from what he has done and can do, it is safe to conclude that nothing can check materially the onsweeping, all-grasping power of the corporation. Should he be removed by death or otherwise, and the command transferred to his generals or to any successor, it would in all probability not continue. Mr. Rockefeller is the life of the whole institution. He looks after the minutest details. He has his index finger ever on its pulse. Be it by day or by night; be it a question of the rise or fall, to the minutest part of a cent, in the price of the crude or manufactured product; be it a question of purchase or sale—he is consulted, and gives his vigorous and instant decision. When he is in doubt, he says nothing. A telegraph instrument in the room next to his sleeping apartments is manned day and night, so that he can be instantaneously reached in case of emergency. When in this City he is mostly at his residence on Euclid avenue. He occasionally goes to the general office, and occasionally to the works on Broadway. But he keeps very close as a general thing, and of late spends a good deal of time in New York. I was told by a gentleman who has lived within a block and a half of him here for two years past that he never yet saw Mr. Rockefeller, although he really had a curiosity to do so. He is said to be quite a constant attendant at the First Baptist Church, however, when in the City; and possibly the gentleman's curiosity might be gratified by purchasing a pew in that church, and getting on the good side of the sexton. That Mr. Rockefeller is one of the greatest men at present in the business world, those who have had anything to do with him are anxious to admit. He has had a more even and reputable career than Jay Gould, and is probably next to him in

WONDERFUL FORESIGHT AND BUSINESS CAPACITY.

The younger Vanderbilt does not compare with him. The ambition of his life is said to be to devote a large portion of his fortune, when he gets time to consider the matter, to some great charitable institution connected with the Baptist Church. He will probably build and endow a college some time, and connect with it a grand theological school.

I had a conversation to-day with a gentleman who had just passed through a large portion of the Standard Works. He is a friend of the Superintendent, and was invited to take in the show. His descriptions were quite interesting, though, of course, not scientific. He spoke in substance as follows:

"Since the completion of the great pipe-line which connects the works here in Cleveland directly with the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and the arrangements for labor and time saving here at the works, the last steps would seem to have been completed toward the cheap production of kerosene. I have been in many establishments in my time, but never saw anything conducted on

SO GRAND A SCALE AS HERE.

They are now absolutely independent of the railroads. The pumps at the works take the oil from their own tanks in the oil regions, and deposit it in the tanks here. The cost of transportation is only the minutest part of a cent per gallon, and the number of men employed is at the minimum. The employes are largely Bohemians. The Company has found that these are the best, everything considered. They work cheaply, and are reasonably faithful. They made arrangements some years ago for the importation of a very large colony of them, and they took the places of their old employes as fast as they could learn the business. I never saw so much work done with so few men. They manufacture now about 3,500 barrels per day. These are taken from the rough timber, and by means of machinery that an unskilled man or boy, can soon learn to attend, the best of barrels are constructed. They glue all of them on the inside. This takes large quantities of glue, and this is manufactured by the company itself."

"Do they make their own paint?"

"I cannot answer that question. I saw no indications of it, and rather think they do not. After the barrels have been finished by being passed through the various machines, and from one to another down a long line, they are placed on an endless chain, and run over an inclined plane to the paint shop. Here they are kept moving from one to another along through the various processes until finished."

"Did you see

THE WORK OF REFINING?

"Oh! I saw it in a general way but, not being an expert, I could say little about it. You know that the location of the works along the banks of Walworth Run is such that nearly all the oil and water necessary in the processes of refining can be made to run from one point to another, as it is wanted, without much pumping. When the oil is refined, the barrels are filled with the greatest rapidity, and with the fewest possible number of men, from the fact that one man can attend to a large number of faucets. The tests of the quality of the oil would seem to be of the most delicate and accurate kind. Specimens are kept burning at various degrees of temperature, in various kinds of lamps, and, when the test is considered satisfactory, the barrels are submitted to the State Inspector for his test and mark. The Standard takes just pride in its own mark; and it is very seldom that anything is found wrong with the oil bearing its imprint. It is the idea of the company not to manufacture barrels or oil much faster than needed in the market; and so, while the capacity is very large, some of the time only a small portion of it is employed. The compact by which the Standard and all the little firms that are in it are governed is to the effect that only a given amount of oil shall be manufactured by each in a year. In this way

PRICES ARE KEPT UP,

and good profits are made, when otherwise much more business might be done, but perhaps on a losing or low profit basis. The great desire of the Standard is to avoid everything that looks like notoriety, and they only go into the courts when they cannot avoid it. They were greatly annoyed by the recent law suit in the Common Pleas Court here, and especially as it went against them."

The Standard people are very anxious to obtain all the new inventions that look to improvement in the way of refining; and I am told that they were very sorry that they failed to obtain the new process for manufacturing high test oil which has been put in use by a new company here. This company, which has started a small establishment in the Eighteenth Ward, makes large promises of what it expects to accomplish in the way of cheapening the product. One thing is certain—viz.: the Standard cannot be successfully competed with in the markets of the world unless a new company with some new and improved process can come into existence.

Sheep That Dive From Cliffs.

Scribner for May.

John Muir, the naturalist of the Sierra, writing of the wild sheep of the Sierra, and of their well authenticated habit of diving from precipices and alighting on their horns, relates the following anecdote:

"At the base of Sheep Rock, one of the winter strongholds of the Shasta flocks, there lives a stock raiser who has the advantage of observing the movements of wild sheep every winter; and, in the course of a conversation with him on the subject of their diving habits, he pointed to the front of a lava headland about 150 feet high, which is only eight or ten degrees out of the perpendicular. 'There,' said he, 'I followed a band of them fellows to the back of the rock yonder, and expected to capture them all, for I thought I had a dead thing on them. I got behind them on a narrow bench that runs along the face of the wall near the top, and comes to an end where they couldn't get away without falling and being killed; but they jumped off, and landed all right, as if that were the regular thing with them.'

"'What!' said I, 'jumped 150 feet! Did you see them do it?'

"'No,' he replied, 'I didn't see them going down, for I was behind them; but I saw them go off over the brink, and then I went below and saw their tracks where they struck on the loose *debris* at the bottom. They *sailed right off*, and landed on their feet right side up. That's the kind of animal *they* is—beats anything else that goes on four legs.'"

Dizzy and the Queen.

N. Y. Mail.

Man never died a more peaceful and painless death than Lord Beaconsfield, and since the death of the Prince Consort no man has died in whom Queen Victoria has felt a deeper personal interest. The brilliant Israelite had charmed the mind of his gentle sovereign, and the friendship between them had suffered no diminution since the fall of his last ministry. It is doubtful if any man is now living, outside her own family, whose bedside she would ask permission to visit in a last sickness.

Settle It on Its Merits.

Madison Courier.

The question of prohibition in Indiana should be settled on its merits. It is a great, wide, important proposition; upon it every man should vote as his reason and conscience dictates. It is not a party question, but a question of right, policy and practicability.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill-health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THE WATER-QUEEN'S STORY.

Learning to Stay Three Minutes and Forty-Five Seconds Under Water.

New York Sun.

"A few years ago," said the Water-Queen the other day, "there was a young girl going into a tank at the Aquarium in New York. Her example inspired many others, among them myself, and the proprietors allowed us to go into the tank to practice. Capt. Beach was also performing there. He thought I displayed a peculiar aptitude for the business, and gave me special lessons, so that in a very short time I was able to give an exhibition, but it was fully three years before I obtained perfect command of myself under water, for it is water into which I go, and not, as many people think, an empty tank inclosed in double walls of glass, about three inches apart, the intervening space only being filled with water. Mr. Beach's tank, in which we both exhibit, is 7 feet long, 4 high and 2½ wide. The temperature of the water, which is changed every other night, is 75 deg. The business is not unpleasant in summer, when we perform at watering places and amusement gardens, but in winter it is very disagreeable and dangerous."

"In what does the danger consist?"

"You remember the old proverb: 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' and is so with water. Too frequent immersions are in themselves injurious to health. They weaken the strength and wear the flesh away. Of the few performers under water there is not a fleshy person to be found, but all are prone to leanness. We give many performances during the night at the museum, and are obliged to alternate daily. We tried at first to relieve each other by going in alternate weeks, but found even that too wearing, and now we change and change about every day and evening. The only idea the public have of danger connected with water is by drowning, and they suppose that could not possibly occur where assistance could be instantly obtained. The principal danger is that of bursting a blood-vessel when holding the breath so long under water. The strain is terrible.

"Another risk I run is that of having my hair catch fire from the great jets of gas which protrude out like great tongues of flame, over the middle of the tank, so as to light up the water."

"Why do you wear your hair loose, when by putting it up you might avoid this danger?"

"I wear my hair flowing down my back so that it will float, and therefore show our skeptical public that I really am in water. I used to plait it, but plaited hair soon becomes water-logged, and will not float. Continued wetting rots the hair, and the continued dampness—for I go in too often to get it ever entirely dry—superinduces neuralgia of the head, and from this disease and rheumatism human fish suffer torture."

"Once I hit on what I thought was a splendid idea for avoiding wetting the hair. It was a wig. I got an expensive and most elaborate one. The water soon took the curl out, and on retiring from the rink the innumerable strings of hair falling over my face and shoulders must have made me look like one of the secret, black and midnight hags who so altered the original current of Macbeth's life. However, I tried it a second time, when a perfect roar of laughter in the audience made me aware that something funny had happened, and sure enough it had. My wig had got loose and was performing sundry tricks unaided.

"We are obliged to run from the tanks to the dressing-room in heavy, wet suits. This gives cold, and, repeated so frequently, brings on a numbness of the entire frame, and generally ends in paralysis. There is no way of avoiding this. Paralysis usually attacks the feet first, as they are poorly protected. What sort of shoes do human fish wear in the water? Only a canvas gaiter; anything else would be too weighty. The suit of an aquanaut is now invariably made of thick worsted, covered with spangles. A suit of this sort for a man weighs when wet thirteen pounds, and he must have several of them for drying purposes, as to go in a wet suit would soon disable him. Much experimenting has been done in this direction. India rubber tights have been tried, but they were cold, clung too closely to the figure, and could not be ornamented. And, by the by, of all ladies in show life, water queens must depend solely on the form nature has bestowed upon them, as padding would never dry, and, becoming sodden, would weigh them down so in the water that they would lose lightness, and, consequently, grace.

"In order to stave off rheumatism as long as possible, tank people rub themselves dry with coarse towels, and then the whole body with liniment."

"What are all these little wads of cotton for?"

"Those are for the ears. Water constantly in the ears brings on deafness—another one of the dangers of which I spoke."

"Are there any more?"

"Yes. There is danger of drowning in the sight of hundreds of people. Once I made an almost superhuman effort to remain under water longer than I had ever done before. I felt a soft drowsiness steal over me, and I thought if this is drowning, then such a death must be most delightful. But nature is strong, and she asserted herself opportunely with me. I gasped for breath and rose to the surface. On describing my symptoms to my doctor he said that in another second I should have drowned, and so easily and quietly that no one would have been aware that anything had happened until my body had been taken out."

"One thing I suffer much from—the vitiated atmosphere of the lookers-on, which is absorbed by the water, and which I must breathe. The most singular experience I ever had was by absorption. I was performing one summer on one of the boats belonging to the Nantasket Beach Company, of Boston. On coming out of the tank my head swam and I reeled, and I was oliged to sleep off what seemed to be the effects of intoxicants. I demanded an examination of the water, which showed that it contained a considerable amount of alcohol. It was Cochituate water, which had been brought to the beach in whisky barrels which had not been cleaned, and I had absorbed enough alcohol through the pores of the skin to produce the effect I have described."

"What is your first feeling on going into the water?"

"Nothing different from that anyone experiences after a plunge; but after I have been down about a minute and a-half the whole boody seems to expand, the head in particular appears swelled to bursting, and this is the identical moment when the powers of endurance are most severely taxed. There is a roaring in the ears, the sight becomes dim, and suffocation seems inevitable; but so perfect does practice make people that, notwithstanding these great physical discomforts, I can do anything under water that a man can do, eat and drink, and one thing he can't do—I can sew."

"And one thing more," said a friend; "You can stay under water longer than any man has ever done. J. B. Johnson, the champion of England, remained three minutes and thirty-six seconds, but she frequently stays under three minutes and forty-five seconds—the longest time on record."

Refined Women.

Refined and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney disease, or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. Druggists sell both dry and liquid.—*Home Journal.*

The Heaven Born Gift of Charity!

There is a form of charity which should commend itself to every one. It is the celebrated Charity Hospital of New Orleans, La., believed to be the oldest institution of its kind on the Continent, free to all persons of whatever creed or nation. The Louisiana State Lottery maintains this noble institution with its gift of a million dollars, and the purchase of a two dollar ticket in the next monthly drawing, on May 10th, by mail from M. A. Dauphin, No. 319 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., or to the same person at New Orleans, La., will bless both the giver and the receiver. Why not try it at once our gentle reader!

RAILROAD FLIRTATION.

An Order on the Hudson River & Harlem Lines with which Brakemen are Dissatisfied.

New York Herald.

Flirting with the girls is one of the oldest privileges enjoyed by railroad brakemen. It is distinctively understood on the lines of all railroads that the throwing of kisses, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the raising of caps from bushy heads are duties which every brakeman understanding the regulations laid down for his guidance by common consent most faithfully performs on every convenient occasion. And if there be no convenient occasion he makes one and flirts anyhow with every young woman who happens to look at a passing train. The young woman dwelling contiguous to a railroad must, indeed, be differently constituted from the rest of her sisters if she does not readily yield to the blandishments of the persistent brakeman, who, having studied the art of flirtation, can run the gamut of signs and motions quickly and artistically. From long practice and pleasant memories of success the brakeman scarcely every fails to attract the attention of every young woman who comes a stranger, to reside at any point along the line of road. As the flirtation progresses the young girl, at first coy and bashful and her face burning with blushes, becomes bolder and flirts harder. She instils more energy into her arm when she waves her hat or her handkerchief, and her face is beaming with smiles whenever the brakeman passes, and she makes it a part of her daily duties to be in sight about the time the train is due. At length the girl becomes well enough acquainted to speak to the brakeman when she sees him, and when she gets on his train his time is sorely taxed between keeping up a running conversation with her and keeping a sharp lookout for the rest of the girls along the road who expect recognition. Notwithstanding the fact that flirtation is a time-honored custom the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company's officers have issued orders that hereafter brakemen shall not flirt or enter into conversation with any woman or girls while on their trains. This rule also applies to the Harlem Division. The brakemen feel annoyed and indignant that they are singled out, and that the more aristocratic conductor is exempt. The order has not been the means of more firmly cementing the bonds of unity and confidence between the brakemen and the conductors, in favor of whom the officers seem inclined to discriminate. The brakemen insist, with a great deal of logic, that flirting must now become a monopoly with the conductor, whereas, under the workings of the old system, the competition was often exciting and interesting, especially on the Harlem Railroad, where good-looking brakemen run with conductors for whom nature has not done much classical facial duty. The natural advantages of conductors over brakemen for *tete-a-tetes* on trains where brakemen are suppressed by general orders and are regarded with anxiety and suspicion by the brakemen. They have a suspicion that the conductors who have been compelled to compete with the brakemen, oftimes to their chagrin, in favor with lady passengers, have been guilty of lobbying the order through. They think that there are only three or four conductors on the Harlem division and three or four on the Hudson River who dare stand on their physiognomical merits with the younger and more charmingly polite brakemen. The brakemen have no such desire to monopolize the smiles and good opinion of the ladies as the conductors appear to be possessed of, and if their more fortunate superiors are not able to cope with them in the business which belongs to railroading, the conductors ought not to take a sly advantage of them, but be manly and acknowledge their shortcomings.

FROM THE BRAKEMAN'S STANDPOINT.

The views of several brakemen have been obtained by the reporter, and they are so strictly homogeneous that the opinion of one will suffice for the fraternity. When asked what he thought of the order the brakeman, a good looking, curly haired, blue eyed young fellow, who has been on the Harlem division for five or six years, replied with much warmth, "I think we can stand it, but it will be pretty difficult to see the conductor and the engineer, and even the baggageman and fireman carrying on a business that belongs by right of discovery to the brakeman. You see some of the conductors are getting old and ugly, and some of them were ugly before they were old. They always try to control the flirting market, and run the "buzzing" business on the trains; but the young women like to be noticed by young men better than by old ones, even if they have gold bands around their caps, and when the young women show a preference for us brakemen it upsets the conductors, and I know they have complained about brakemen flirting. I wish you would just watch those old fellows and see how gallant they are. It would do you good to see them help a young lady on and off the trains, and drop mechanically into a seat beside a pretty woman between stations. We are not allowed to do it now, and this gives the conductor an entire monopoly.

"How do you think the young women will receive the news?" inquired the reporter.

"Not kindly. They like flirting as well as we do, and they will continue to flirt. They won't mind the order. They will flirt with us if we don't with them. They understand pretty well who is responsible for the order, and I'll bet you the conducters won't make anything by it. We are not loafers nor boors because we are brakemen. Some of us know how to be civil and gentlemanly to every body—men and old and homely women as well as pretty ones—and that is an acquirement some of the conductors do not and never will possess, and it seems pretty hard that we should all be branded as a lot of social brigands, while the men who wear finer clothes and receive better pay are allowed to have full sweep from the baggage car door on every window full of young women. It isn't fair, but we can't 'kick.' If we do we get 'fired.'"

A conductor who was interrogated on the subject looked whimsically at the reporter, and replied that he never flirted first. "It is not necessary. There are plenty of foolish young women always ready to begin the business if you give them the least opportunity," he replied. "We have no notion of interfering with brakemen, but I tell you this flirting business became a nuisance. They had too many girls."

"Suppose the order had included conductors as well as brakemen?" the reporter inquired.

"We don't flirt. It is the women that flirt, and no order will stop them."

"You are spoken of by the brakemen as monopolists in the business," the reporter suggested.

"That isn't true. The engineer is the man. He gets the first flirt always, and sometimes it is difficult to tell for a long time whether the girls are flirting with him or the conductor, but we have the advantage all the time, for when one of the flirters gets on the train it is easy to see who they have been flirting with. If it is the conductor she will smile as she hands him her ticket and ask some foolish question or make some common place remark which will bring on a conversation. If the conductor is not the man she will look back as a thunder-cloud when you take up the ticket. No, sir; the women do all the flirting with the conductors. I think the order is a good one, for flirting on trains doesn't look well. I don't know how to explain it, but young women are continually courting the acquaintance of railroad men."

"Why do they court them?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "I they were wise they would let them alone. A railroad man is not the proper person to make any woman happy when she marries him. He is away from home so much that he don't care anything about it; and besides that, he is very apt to be impecunious in these days of gates and ticket offices."

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c.

NO HURRY.

A Bereaved Widower, who Disliked Trouble.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I see by last night's paper that a Mrs. Morgan was run over by a street car," he remarked, as he seated himself on the edge of a chair.

"Yes," replied the City editor, "What of it?"

"I wanted to get some more particulars. Was she busted up pretty bad?"

"Her back and both legs were broken, and one arm cut off short."

"You don't say! Did she seem to mind it much?"

"Well, I should smile," said the City editor. "It killed her."

"Don't tell me so! What do you think they did with her?"

"Oh! They took her to the Morgue. I reckon she's there yet. Did you know her?"

"From the description I take her to be my wife. You say she's dead?"

"Yes, sir. I am very sorry for you, but you will have a good claim for damages against the company."

"I shan't trouble 'em. I'm willing to let it drop. Did you get an idea that the car was injured much?"

"I think not. I guess your wife got the worst of it."

"And they can't come back on me for anything?"

"Certainly not. You can make 'em pay."

"Oh! I don't care about that. It's all right as it is, if they don't try to make me any trouble. I was a little startled at first, but this lets me out."

"Shall you take your wife away and bury her?" asked the City editor."

"I don't know, would you?" asked Mr. Morgan, doubtfully.

"Yes, I think I would."

"I suppose I might as well. It'll save talk, and the easiest way is the best. I hate any fuss, but I reckon I'll have to let up this time and take it. Just say that the funeral will come off next week or the week after, and come up yourself. Let's see. Where'd you say they stored her?"

"At the Morgue,"

"Well, I'll drop around in a day or two and get her. Much obliged to you for your trouble, and if the company says anything about it, you just say that I don't want any difficulty, and I'll fix up my damages, will you? They needn't do any lawing about it, I'd rather patch it up quietly. Have you got a match?"

And Mr. Morgan lighted his cigar and sauntering into the job room glanced over the theatrical posters to see what was going on in the amusement line next week.

DR. STANTON.

The Story of an Outraged Husband.

Celia Logan in Cincinnati Times-Star.

A little story is making theaters folks smile. A handsome young actress, attached regularly to one of our theaters has a husband and a baby, a sickly little thing, and the husband is outrageously jealous, all the more that this season he has done "job work," which has kept him "on the road" pretty constantly. Lately he "came in," the "combination" with which he was connected having "gone up." He arrived unexpectedly late one afternoon and found his wife was out. On the table lay a note addressed to her in a masculine hand. It was open and run thus:

"Dear Friend—I do not think you have any cause to be so anxious about the baby. It is only cutting its teeth a little hard—that's all. However, as you desire it, and say it would relieve your mind, while you are away at the theater, I will come to-night about 9, and stay all night with you. Don't speak of the trouble. I shall only be too glad to let you get a little sleep after your being up so much with baby.

"Your true friend,

"K. S. STANTON, M. D."

The husband was furious at this note, seemingly so harmless.

He thrust it into his pocket, and without waiting to see his wife strode from the house. He had now, he thought, what he had long suspected, proof of his wife's infidelity. Why, it was shameless! Dr. Stanton would pass the night, would he, and blame it on to the baby! but he should find that there was a husband around ready to deal terrible vengeance upon the betrayer. His feelings were not pleasant ones, as he lay perdue the rest of the day, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. When the pretty young actress came home she was told a gentleman had called and gone away in a great hurry, leaning no name.

At half past ten that evening, while she was at the theater, the door of her bedroom was dragged open furiously, and the enraged husband rushed in. He was armed to the teeth. He looked around, under the bed and into the closets, but found no man. There was, however, two persons in the room. One an infant slumbering peacefully in its crib, the other a lady sitting at a small table on which lay several bits of white paper into which she was pouring some globules from a tiny bottle. Her eyes were blue, her complexion a pure pink and white, and her hair, curling in loose ringlets over her well-formed head, was just lighted with gray. She looked up astonished, and said:

"Don't make such a noise; you'll wake the child. Are you a burglar? What do you want?"

The husband paused in his fruitless search, and replied:

"I want that man."

"What man?"

"The man that's made an appointment with my wife for to-night."

"Who is your wife, and what business have you in Miss ——'s bedroom?" asked the lady.

"Miss —— is my wife."

"Indeed! Well, you can't make me believe that she ever made any appointment with any man she oughtn't to make."

"I can't, can't I? read that, then," he said, throwing the letter on the table, and scattering the medicine.

The lady did read, and began to laugh, which enraged the husband still more.

"Where have you hidden this Dr. Stanton? I will blow his brains out," he cried.

"No you won't."

"You see if I don't."

"Well, blow then," replied the lady, "I am Stanton, the writer of that letter."

She had to sign her name, Kate S. Stanton, and show him that the writing was the same as in the note before he would be convinced, and then he was the most sheepish-looking man in all New York. The story got out, and now he is the butt of every actor in the City.

They refuse to believe that he "walked home." They condole with him on account of his ill health, which forced him to stop acting. They recommended him to consult a doctor, especially a lady doctor Kate Stanton for example. Altogether he is getting so "roasted" that he will have to have more than a mere letter in future to make him thirst for vengeance. "Hang these women doctors!" is all you can get him to say; "if they must be doctors, why can't they sign their full name, and not make trouble between man and wife?"

A Good Deal of "Majesty."

Parliamentary Report.

Earl Granville said: "I beg to move that an humble address be presented to Her Majesty to convey to Her Majesty the expression of the indignation and deep concern with which this House has learned the assassination of her Majesty's relative and ally, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, and to pray Her Majesty that she will be graciously pleased to express to His Majesty, the present Emperor, on the part of this House, their abhorrence of the crime and their sympathy with the Imperial Family of Russia and with the Government and people of that country."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Tonic in Feeble Digestion.

I have found Horsford's Acid Phosphate to be a good tonic where there was enfeebled digestion.

G. SCHLAGENHAUF, M. D.

Altamont, Ills.

[illegible],000 Howe Scales have been sold. [illegible]talog to Borden, Selleck & Co., G[illegible]s, Chicago, Ill.

Popular Sciences.

EDITOR'S CABINET.

THE deepest well in the world is 3,200 feet, or more than three-fifths of a mile in depth, and is located at Buda Pesth, Hungary.

THE Belgium Telephone Company have made arrangements so that any of the subscribers leaving word any evening may be awakened at any hour the next morning by means of a powerful alarm.

THERE is an effort making in London, England, to test the system of compressed air clocks which have been introduced in Paris, and of which long descriptions with pictorial illustrations have appeared in our scientific and mechanical journals. Ten stations are proposed for the British metropolis.

IT is maintained by Prof. E. Woolney that plants heaped up around plants has, during the day, a higher temperature than earth not so treated. During the night the hilled earth becomes colder. The explanation advanced is that earth which is heaped up around plants dries much more rapidly than level soil.

A BICYCLE exhibition has proved very attractive in London. That exciting most attention is a new invention known as the "Otto," or safety bicycle. In this the two wheels are parallel instead of one in front of the other, and the person of the bicyclist is balanced securely by a most ingenious arrangement between the two. The speed attained by this instrument is said to be very considerably greater than that of the tricycle.

NOTES have recently appeared in the *American Naturalist* showing that several snakes imitate the rattlesnake in vibrating their tails, and thus producing a "buzzing noise," when disturbed or teased. The rattlesnake has usually been regarded as a stumbling block in the way of evolutionists; but three species of coluber, or racing snakes, produce a buzzing sound by shaking the tail, and thus, as throughout nature, there are facts pointing to a reduction to general laws of what seem in superficial observations to be exceptions to general rules.

PROF. GAMGEE'S "zero mot

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we shall undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those which are asked by the name of the writer, but the name is not required for publication, only as an evidence of good faith.

2. Those complying with the rule and their space in the basket.

3. Mathematical problems and questions in regard to their construction. We are willing to print such as may present an opportunity to ask and answer for publication, but not the type requiring algebraic problems and

4. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are of no importance or proper in the columns of a family paper. Hundreds of questions are asked in this department every week, and the editor has to exercise his discretion in selecting those calculated to promote the interest of the majority.

5. Questions as to the standing or reliability of individuals or corporations, doing a general banking business. This department is conducted entirely for its readers, and it cannot undertake for us to devote the time necessary to investigate the standing of an individual firm located in a distant part of the country.

Questions whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive attention they are asked to believe that the omission was unintentional and for good and sufficient reasons.

We request that subscribers will keep all the communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, on separate leaves. Questions for answer should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing orders for the publication of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

Subscriber, Cornil, Ill.:

Your query was answered only a week or two ago.

C. B. J., Taylortown, Pa.:

We know nothing of the book or the song you mention.

Jno. J. S., Wileyville, O.:

We believe that Mrs. Chisholm is at present a resident of Washington, D. C.

F. W. H., Valparaiso, Ind.:

The excuse that led to the Chili-Peruvian war and its history have already been given in these columns.

J. H. H., Bradford, Ill.:

To whom should a person apply for a position as brakeman on a railroad?

To the nearest Division Superintendent.

Inquirer, Anita, Iowa:

The questions you ask regarding the Rock Island road should be referred to a regular attorney at law. We know nothing of the facts of the case.

C. W. S., Hesperia, Mich.:

Please inform me through the BLADE how the word Paxton should be pronounced.

It is pronounced as though spelled Pax-e-ton, with the accent on the first syllable, and a short sound of "e."

J. R. F. C. W., Willow Tree, Pa.:

The United States authorities are probably as anxious as you are to discover the whereabouts of Sitting Bull. Your other questions regarding population and the Cabinet were answered last week.

F. G., Bird Station, Ill.:

Can you inform me through your columns the whereabouts of Co. H, 5th United States Cavalry?

It is stationed at Camp Sheridan, Neb. The headquarters of the regiment is at Fort Laramie.

S. W. R., Kersey, Pa.:

Will you give the address of Rev. Trumble, who comments on Sunday-School lesson through the BLADE?

A letter addressed to Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, care Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, will reach him.

S. E. D., Napoleon, O.:

Lodygrin and Kosaloff, Russians, in London, invented the electric light in 1874. Edison's experiments have resulted in an improved method of electric lighting, but it seems that the lamps are yet far from perfect.

Teacher, Toledo, O.:

1. According to the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1879, the school population of the United States was 14,987,050; number enrolled in the public schools, 9,363,831; average daily attendance, 4,676,291. 2. In 1879 there were 364 Universities and Colleges in the United States, and 60,072 students.

J. W. R., Erie, Pa.:

Seamen sometimes meet with "red fogs," especially in the vicinity of the Cape de Verd Islands. Ehrenberg has examined this fog with his microscope. He finds that its tint is given to it by infusionsal shells of infusoria, brought to it by infusionsal shells of infusoria, brought by the winds from the coast of South America.

E. D. M., Breeds, Ill.:

1. What is meant by saying "Clay was in the succession"? 2. How far from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts does the United States Government have control?

1. We don't remember the saying. When, and under what circumstances was it spoken? 2. A nation exercises jurisdiction a marine league (three miles) from its coast.

W. S. & S., Rockwood, Station, Ills.:

Where does the Rev. Talmage and also the Rev. Beecher live, and where does each one preach?

They both live and preach in the famous City of Brooklyn. The story you relate about the Niagara River having been dry at one time is a bald fiction.

F. M. F., Decatur, Ill.:

1. There will be a partial eclipse of the sun May 20th, visible in the northern regions of North America and in Northern Asia. In the more northern and western of the Central States it will appear as a slight eclipse, commencing shortly before sunset. 2. There will be a total eclipse of the moon June 11th, visible in North and South America.

E. P. B., Perrysburg, O.:

The "Star" service refers to that kind of mail service performed by other means than railroad or steamboat, such as by stage coach, on horseback, etc. The service derived its name from the practice in the Postoffice Department of designating the three words, "certainty celerity and security," by their stars thus; ***.

J. K. W., Dayton, O.:

The honor of inventing moveable type and bringing them into practical use rests between Laurens Coster, of Harlem (died about 1440); Johann Guttenberg, of Mentz (died about 1468); Johann Faust, or Fust, of Mentz (died about 1605, and Peter Schoffer, the son-in-law of Faust (died about 1502). Gutteberg is generally looked upon as the inventor, but a strong claim is made for Coster.

A. G. C., Bloomsburg, N. J.

1. How can I procure a complete copy of the census report? Having been one of the enumerators, I am interested in the report, and would like to have a copy of it if it can be procured. 2. Has any printer a right to put up bill heads, etc., in table form, blotter top, or is it patented?

1. After they are printed you can secure a copy through your member of Congress. 2. We believe the device is not patented.

W. S. P., Muscatine, Ia.:

Please answer if you will, a little plainer than the Vice President has done, and settle a disputed question: Was the electoral vote of Georgia counted in the last Presidential election?

No, the vote of Georgia was not counted. It was reported, but its precise status was not determined. It was simply ignored by both parties as it was not a necessary factor in determining the result, Garfield having been elected whether it was counted or not.

School Girl, Caney, Ill.:

1. What works of fiction has John G. Whittier written? 2. What is his religious belief? 3. Where can I obtain a copy of his poems, and what will be the cost?

1. Among the prose publications of Whittier are "Legends of New England," "The Stranger in Lowell," "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" and "Literary Recreations." 2. He is a member of the Society of Friends. 3. If your book dealer has not any of them in stock he can order them for you.

Greenie, Harrison, Ill.:

1. What position in a printing office can a lady fill, and what wages would she receive? 2. Does the Blade Company employ any lady reporters?

1. There are quite a number of women who make a good living setting type, and there are a great many who are writers of ability, and earn good salaries. 2. The BLADE has only male reporters, but the Household Department and a portion of the editorial work is done by a lady.

O. A. A., Milan, Mich.:

1. Who is the best poet in the world and who in the United States? 2. Which is the largest City in the world and which in the United States?

1. Tennyson probably stands at the head of the poets, while in this country Longfellow takes the lead. 2. It was formerly thought that the Chinese Cities were the largest, but it is now found that they have been greatly overestimated, and London's claims as bein; the largest City in the world, are universally conceded.

J. F. L., Sioux City:

What is the literal meaning of "The Ides of March"?

In the Roman calendar the Ides were the 15th day of March, May, July and October, and the 13 h day of the other months. The eight days preceding the Ides were named from it, and stood the first, second, third, etc., days from the Ides. Under the empire the Senate sat regularly on the Ides and on the calends, with the exception of the Ides of March, the anniversary of Cæsar's death, which was regarded as a "dies ater," a day of mourning.

E. H. T., Prentis's Vale, Pa.:

Will you please explain the deadlock in the Senate? How can it occur to stop business, when the Vice President has the casting vote?

The Senate has not in its rules any by which the "previous question" can be moved, as in the House. The Republican majority have before the Senate a resolution to elect the Senate officers. The Democrats prevent a vote on this by incessant dilatory motions. The Senate has no rule to stop this Of course, it ought to have, for it allows a factious minority to tie up the Government.

M. E. D. A., Paushville, N. Y.:

What reasons are there for asserting this to be the year 1881? 2. Why should we use the expression "in the year of our Lord," and why place the month, day or the year in dates, which is contrary to all analogy, if this be the true view of the case? Until recently I held the view advanced by the BLADE, and would like to know what reasons can be urged in its support. I do not write merely by way of controversy, but for information.

1. There are no reasons for so asserting, and it is not so asserted. But we can correctly say that we are now in the eighteen hundred and eighty second year. 2. Usage, which regulates such things, is responsible for this.

Gothic, Gothic, Colo.:

1. What States were admitted into the Union first, second, third, etc., and their respective dates of admission and oblige a subscriber. 2. Has there ever been a reunion of any of the members of the 182nd O. V. I.

1. Kentucky was admitted in 1792; Ohio in 1802; Indiana in 1816; Alabama in 1819; Maine in 1820; Missouri in 1821; Florida in 1845; Texas in 1845; Iowa in 1846; Wisconsin in 1848; California in 1850; Minnesota in 1858; Oregon in 1859; Kansas in 1861; West Virginia in 1862; Nevada in 1864; Nebraska in 1867. 2. Not that we know of.

J. F. W., Red Oak, Ia.:

1. What would be the weight of a body at the center of the earth? 2. We are taught that gravity is the earth's attraction for all terrestrial bodies; that the weight of a body above the surface of the earth decreases as the square of its distance from the center of the earth increases. Then why does a body weigh less at the equator than at the poles? On account of the bulging form of the earth the mass of the body at center of gravitation must exist at the equator.

1. Nothing. 2. You answer your own question: as the distance at the equator is greater than at the poles a body must be further removed there from the center of gravity than at the poles.

E. W. H., Valparaiso, Ind.:

1. I would like to know what the average salaries of bank tellers are. 2. Where is the greatest demand for good accountants, East or West? 3. Would it pay to learn it for a new business? 4. Would telegraphy pay better?

1. The salary of a bookkeeper depends so entirely upon his experience, capability and persons for whom he works that a definite answer can hardly be given. Good bookkeepers, however, earn from $50 per month up. 2. There is not much difference, although cheapness of living makes the West the most desirable place. 3. It might in one sense of the word pay you, that is, you would be enabled to earn a living at it, but a good trade is much more to be desired. 4. The same remark applies to this question.

F. E. B., Mission Creek, Neb.:

Can you inform me whether any ammonite shell is found in this country, and if so, whether it is used in the manufacture of chemicals?

Ammonites are a species of fossil shells, allied to the nautilus. Some of them are very handsome, and very fine specimens when perfect bring a good price. They are very common in the greensand formations of New Jersey, and far up the Missouri River. In some parts of Burgundy they are so abundant as to take the place of gravel in the construction of roads. They are constantly imported, both for sale as ornaments to collectors, and for manufacturing. It is said that sepia, a black or dark brown pigment obtained originally from the cuttle fish, is now made from these fossils.

R. J. R., Warrensburg, Mo.:

1. Did Abraham Lincoln ever say, in a speech made at Springfield, Ill., or New York City, between the time of his election and the time he took his seat as President, that he would free the negros or slaves? 2. If Pres. Garfield were to die, and Vice President Arthur take his place, who would fill the latter place? And if Arthur should die who would take his (Arthur's) place? 3. Where is Peck's Sun published, and who is the editor, and of what political complexion is it, if any?

1. No. He expressly stated that he had no design of interfering with the institution of slavery. It was only his duty to enforce the laws. 2. The Senate would elect a President *pro tem.* The Speaker of the House of Representatives. 3. Milwaukee. E. P. Peck. Independent.

A. J. B., Hagarstown, Ills:

1. Why will a surveyor's compass set at the same angle of variation run a line differently now from one run 20 years ago? 2. If parallels and meridians cross each other at right angles, why is it that lines run by surveyors do not cross at right angles? 3. What is the cause of Mississippi having no national banks? 4. What is the meaning of the word "Neanderthral"?

1. On account of the continual variation of the magnetic meridian. 2. Inasmuch as the distance between the Meridians diminishes as they approach the poles it is evident that the parallels cannot cross at right angles. 3. There is very little banking capital in the State, it only having eight State banks and 23 minor banks. 4. We don't find any such word in Webster.

J. D. E., McMinnville, Or.:

Is it right to say "People who live on the earth," or "People who live in the earth," having reference in a general sense to the inhabitants of this world?

The preposition "on" is oftenest used in such a description, but there is very good authority for saying "in" the earth. In the memorable Lord's prayer (Matthew vi, 10) "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" is a case in point, and there are over 40 other similar examples in the Bible. "Nimrod began to be a mighty one in the earth;" "The saints that are in the earth;" "What desolations he had made in the earth;" "I will be exalted in the earth;" Shakespeare uses "in" with the same meaning: "Am I in earth;" "in earth and sea and sky."—"Comedy of Errors," act II.

F. H. B., Wonsion, Wis.:

1. What is the Passion Play? 2. What constitutes a thoroughbred animal? 3. Was John Morgan a commissioned Confederate General when raiding in Ohio? 4. Is there a Town called Perteall in Bedfordshire, England, or a Village of a similar name? 5. My father had relatives there 40 years ago. How shall I proceed to ascertain whether they are there still? 6. Can any reader of the BLADE tell of the whereabouts of S. Louis Smith? Four years ago he was at Humboldt, Kans.

1. The Passion Play is a dramatic representation of the Passion of our Savior, his trial and crucifixion by Pontius Pilate. 2. He was a Brigadier General, and upon his release from prison was made a Major General. 4. It is not given in Lippincott's Gazetteer. 5. Write to the Postoffice address of the place.

T. F. McKay, Sterling, Ill.:

Please give brief sketch of Thaddeus Stevens.

Thaddeus Stevens was born in Peacham, Vt., April 4, 1793, and died in Washington, August 11, 1868. After graduating at Dartmouth College, in 1814, he removed to York, Pa., and taught school, being admitted to the bar in 1816. In 1828 he entered politics, being an active Whig, and served several terms in the State Legislature. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, and ardently opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave law and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. He was a leader in Congress, being chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and of the board of managers in the impeachment of Pres. Johnson. He was thoroughly radical in all his views, hating slavery with all the intensity of his nature. He urged upon the President the emancipation proclamation, and was the initiator of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

A Subscriber, Jefferson City, Pa.:

You will please give a description of the musk ox and his peculiarities. Of what country is he a native, and what country does he inhabit?

The musk ox (*ovibus moschatus*) is a ruminating animal found in the arctic regions of America. It is about the size of a two year old cow, 5½ feet from nose to root of tail, and weighs about 700 pounds. The head is large and surmounted by broad, flat horns, in both sexes. The nose is very obtuse, with only the small space between the nostrils naked; the ears not perceptible, tail concealed by the hair, the legs short, and the hoofs broad and inflexed a. the tips. The hair is so long that it almost reaches to the ground, so that the animal looks more like a large sheep or goat than an ox; the color is brownish black, more or less grizzled. The musk ox frequents arctic America from lat. 60 to 79 deg. N., and from long. 67 deg. 30 min W., to the Pacific Coast. They feed on grass and lichens. Though the legs are short they run very fast, and are difficult to approach. The flesh, when fat, is well tasted, but when lean smells strongly of musk, as does the whole animal, whence the name. There is said to be only one specimen in the United States, that being presented to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences by Dr. Kane, the explorer.

Wm. H., Rush Run, O.:

1. Does the subject of phrenology, as now taught, deserve study and confidence? 2. Is phrenology a science? 3. Were any of the Presidents of the United States members of any Church? 4. If any, who? and with what church were they connected?

1. There has been quite a revival of the study of phrenology during the past 18 months, and it repays a certain amount of study. 2. It is a branch of science. 3-4. Washington and Garfield were the only ones who were church members, but all, one excepted, were men who reverenced Christianity. Adams married a minister's daughter, and was inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson was not a believer, at least while he was Chief Magistrate. Madison's early connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored the Episcopal Church. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Methodist, and died in the communion of that church. VanBuren was brought up in the Reformed Dutch Church, but afterward inclined to the Episcopal Church. Harrison leaned toward the Methodist Church, and Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Fillmore attended the Unitarian Church, and Franklin Pierce was a member, but not a communicant, of a Congregationalist Church at Concord. Buchanan was a Presbyterian, Gen. Grant attends the Methodist Church, and Pres. Garfield is a member of the Church of the Disciples.

S. M. K., Girard, Kans.:

1. Please state the difference between a republican government and a representative democracy. 2. How did the term "Bourbon" come to be applied to the Democrats? 3. What is the difference between the national debt now and in 1865, reducing it to coin for both periods? 4. With what works would you advise an acquaintance to become thoroughly prepared for literary pursuits? 5. What institution of learning would you recommend for that purpose?

1. A democratic government and a republican government are usually regarded in this day as substantially the same thing, but there may be a distinction in that a republican government does not necessarily imply admitting all classes in its government, as there have been republics where certain classes have ruled, while a democratic government implies that substantially all the people join in governing the country. 2. It originated from the Bourbon family, members of which reigned over every part of Europe except England, late in the last and early in the present century. The chief characteristic of the family is said to be that they learned nothing and forgot nothing. The term was applied to the Democrats from their likeness to the European Bourbons in their tenacious clinging to old and worn-out ideas and steadfast refusal to accept anything new. 3. See the late report of the debt statement. 4. If success is expected in literary pursuits some speciality must be selected, and such books consulted as bear upon that subject. 5. A course in any respectable college.

Amateur Scientist, Zarmi, Ill.:

In order to settle a controversy here please give some data in regard to the most notable earthquakes, with number of people killed.

The most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above 40 days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the Empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Aarbian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventh and 18th centuries, some lasting from 40 to 70 days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the Relations des Jesuites will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pomba Ministry, through the fact that the Minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured, and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member. Heiu, in his interesting opuscule on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged, 98 persons killed and 223 wounded. The shame shock may last for years; instance that of Vlege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul, 33 severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month.

Information Wanted.

E. J. Forbes, St. Louis, Mo., wants the address of C. G. Ferguson.

Charles Mabry, Owensville, Ind., wants the address of W. P., or Daniel Mabry.

W. S. Walker, Lucas, Henry County, Mo., wants the address of Morgan Rush, who when last heard from was at Joslin, Mo.

H. J. Humphry, Coolville, Athens Co., O., wants some information of Edward Humphrey, who was in Colorado when last heard from.

M. Loope, Woodville, O., wants the address of Dr. White, late Assistant Surgeon of 68th Ohio Insantry, on the march to the sea and through the Carolina States.

Mrs. Mary Downing, Havensville, Pottowattamie Co., Ks., wants the address or to know the whereabouts of Richard Martin, who two years ago lived at Columbus, O.

Mrs. Margaret Fleming, Salina, Saline Co., Kan., wants the address of Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson. When last heard from she was in Montezuma, Poweshiek Co., Iowa.

Jas. Batchtenkircher, Knapps Creek, Crawford County, Wis., wants the postoffice address of Noble Butler. When last heard from was in Northern Missouri; also that of Mr. Ballard, who when last heard from was in Tennessee.

Andrew Ivory, Slate Lick, Pa., wants to know the whereabouts of Dr. Frink, late Surgeon of Carver U. S. General Hospital, Ward Eight, Dr. J. C. Judson in charge, in the Winter of 1862 and Spring of 1863. His home at that time was in Indiana.

Mrs. H. M. Atcheson, South Oil City, Pa., desires the present address of E. A. Andrews, formerly Captain of Co. C, 7th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, and also the address of any member of said company or regiment who was personally acquainted with William J. R. Achesen, formerly a member of Co. C, 7th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers.

George B. McAffee, Skeldon, Ill., late a private in Twelfth Battery of Light Artillery, Ohio Vols., wishes to learn the postoffice address of Alfred Noecher, who commanded said battery at the time said Geo. B McAffee was discharged, at Camp Chase, Ohio, July 10, 1865. Also, the postoffice address of First Lieut. Joe Billings, of the same battery, of Sergt. Abram Carney, and private Mike Thum.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

If J. H. Smith, Fairview, will give his full address the error will be corrected.

If G. W. Kridler, Marysville, will give his full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Will Blair Stevens, who complains of not receiving his book, give his full postoffice address?

Letter containing $1.10, dated Lancaster, no County or State, signed Geo. D. Utt.

Will Peter Shirtz, San Juan, give his full Postoffice address, and the matter will be adjusted at once.

If J. E. Morrison will give his full Postoffice address the error he alludes to will be corrected.

If W. G. Coulter, North Liberty, will give his full postoffice address the error will be rectified.

Letter containing $1.30, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1, dated at Black Hawk, no County or State, signed A. Y. Davis.

Letter containing $2.50, to pay for BLADE to W. R. McDowell, box 6, and I. G. Listebarge, box 704, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.30, dated at Theresa, no County or State, signed Geo. Greegle, .

The Sunday School.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.—Prov. 14: 32.

LESSON TEXT.
Luke 16: 19-31.

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. 20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores. 21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. 22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and was buried; 23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. 24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. 25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. 26. And besides all this, between us and you there is is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. 27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house; 28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. 29. Abraham saith unto him, they have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. 30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent. 31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

A . . . rich man, . . . clothed in purple, . . . fared sumptuously every day (v. 19)—Food and clothing and sumptuous living every day in the year is the most that any man can get out of riches, if he wants to spend them on himself. And it is for these things that most men want wealth. They want to be able to dress well as their neighbors—as well as anybody; to set a good table—without being compelled to economize in their marketing; and to have what they fancy—in their house or out of it. Riches, after all, add very little to a man, even for the life that now is; only more showy clothing, more tempting food, more gratification of the senses, a larger house and larger barns. The man himself is no more of a man—sometimes a good deal less of a man—for being rich.

A . . . beggar was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs, . . the dogs came and licked his sores (vs. 20, 21.)—With no home, diseased, friendless and hungry, a man is more than poor. Everything seems to be against him. Yet a man can be all this and have a happier time in it here in this life than the godless man who has plenty of money, and all that money can give. The beggar at the gate may be on his way to a home in heaven. The man who is full of sores outside may be of sounder health inside than the one who wears purple and fine linen. He who is hungry from crumbs may be fed with the Bread of Life, of which if he eats he shall never die. He who seems to be left to the mercy of the dogs in the streets may have angels watching over him. Being on the track to heaven and knowing it, a beggar has more enjoyment on his journey than the rich man who is going to hell. The path to glory is a pleasanter one than that which leads to perdition. Lord, let me be the saint in rags, rather than the lost sinner in fine raiment!

The beggar died and was carried by the angels: . . . the rich man also died and was buried (v. 22.)—Being carried by the angels is a great deal better than having a big funeral. What becomes of one's spirit is a vast sight more important than what is done with his body. A long procession of mourners, a showy tombstone, and a glowing epitaph, are of no service to the dead man, and commonly they give little indication of the life he is still living. One of the poorest things in the world to live for is posthumous honor; yet when the hope of that it added to sumptuous fare in a lifetime, is a strong temptation to most men. Real character is needed to resist it. If Moses had remained in the palace of Egypt, he would have lived luxuriously, and been sure of a first class funeral, with a painted mummy case, and perhaps a pyramid for a monument. But he chose, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." His life was thenceforth in the wilderness; and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." But when Moses stood on the mount of transfiguration he had nothing to say of his lack of a funeral; and there is no reason to believe that he ever regretted his choice in abandoning the honors of earth. No man who follows his example, or who lives and dies as Lazarus, will have reason to mourn because little notice is taken of his burial.

Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things (v. 25.)—A man gets what he lives for. If he wants his good things all in this life, he has them here. If he plans for nothing beyond, he finds it, when at last he is there. But if he cares for the present only in its promise and hope of the future, he attains the object of his living when this life is over. If a man does not realize the importance of his choice while he is having the good things he has desired above all else, he will remember its folly when he looks back on it from the life that is to come. He will remember, too, the fact of his deliberate and intelligent choice. He cannot then deny that he made it understandingly. You and I are choosing to-day for eternity. What is our choice?

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed (v. 26)—Heaven and hell are separated permanently. Those who belong in either state cannot get to the other—where they do not belong. Souls which have made their choice for eternity are entitled to remain where they want to be. And they do remain there—remain in the place of their choice. A lost soul does not really desire salvation, even though it longs for an easier time in perdition. A cry for water in hell is not longing for the purity of heaven. The inmates of the two regions are as different as their dwellings. The closing up of the great gulf between and hell would not change the nature of either state, or the character of its dwellers. Any man can be on either side of that gulf he prefers; but he cannot be on both sides. And the side which he chooses he must take just as he finds it. The river of life does not run on the hellward side of the gulf.

If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rise from the dead (v. 31.)—There's little use in discussing the question, whether there will be another term of probation beyond this life, while it is very clear that no one would improve it who has already decided that he does not want salvation. The trouble with men is that they lack warning to keep clear of perdition, but that they are determined to take all the risks of perdition so long as a choice is left to them. They have heard of the two sides of the great gulf, and they have no wish to start just yet toward the side to which Lazarus went. An apparition from the dead might frighten men, but it would not change their natures, nor cause them to think less of self and its gratification. If to-day a voice from heaven should sound out with unmistakable distinctness, saying that all who heard it must die within the coming week, many might be terrified, but their terror would not make them loving disciples of Jesus; it would not fit them for heaven. Sinning has not ceased in the yellow-fever districts. Soldiers do not all grow godly as they come under fire. Men who work in powder-mills are not all saints. Not all who admit the fact of a hell are now on the road to heaven. Knowledge of danger is not in itself sufficient to turn a man to the source of safety.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

The Hornford Almanac and Cook Book

Send free on application to Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Sen. Logan's Smile.

Chicago Telegraph.

Sen. Logan sometimes gets the better of his enemies by cute management, sometimes by skill in debate, and sometimes not at all; but there is one thing none of them can stand, and that is the Senator's smile. He brought it to bear on Gen. Burnside the other day in the course of the debate on the sixty surgeon bill, and the Rhode Islander quailed before it and called the attention of the Senate to the visitation. He afterward declared that all the horrors of Fredericksburg were as nothing to it.

[Chambersburg (Pa.) Herald.]

After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, M. V. B Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom,) Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic endorser of its merits.

Gorgeous Military Trappings.

Among the decorations of the room of the Seventh New York Veteran Association in the new regimental armory will be a tapestry 50 inches wide, running around the room, and representing the history of military weapons in all ages. The designs consist primarily of large circles bearing the shields of different countries, and squares representing warriors of various countries in combat, which are surrounded with a Greek fret, consisting of three bands, varied and interwoven with the characteristic arms. The frieze will begin with the weapons of the primitive savage tribes, and will follow in succession the characteristic insignia of Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Japan, and Persia; the Arabic, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine arms; Moorish, Turkish, and Savonic weapons, and those of the crusaders and middle ages, and, last, will show the discovery of gunpowder and the development of modern warfare.

—LYDIA E PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

The First Thing.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

It is a good deal more important to keep the skirts of the Republican party clear from the taint of repudiation than to organize the Senate, or even to carry Virginia this Fall.

Let It Do Its Duty.

Hartford Courant.

If there is such a thing as a Republican party represented in the Senate, and it did really elect Mr. Garfield President, let it promptly support his proper appointments.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

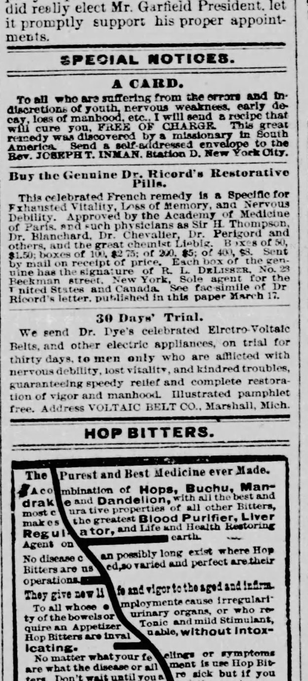
Buy the Genuine Dr. Ricord's Restorative Pills.

This celebrated French remedy is a Specific for Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Memory, and Nervous Debility. Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and such physicians as Sir H. Thompson, Dr. Blanchard, Dr. Chevalier, Dr. Perigord and others, and the great chemist Liebig. Boxes of 80, $1.50; boxes of 160, $2.75; of 240, $3; of 400, $5. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Each box of the genuine has the signature of R. L. DELISSER, No. 29 Beekman street, New York. Sole agent for the United States and Canada. See fac-simile of Dr Ricord's letter, published in this paper March 17.

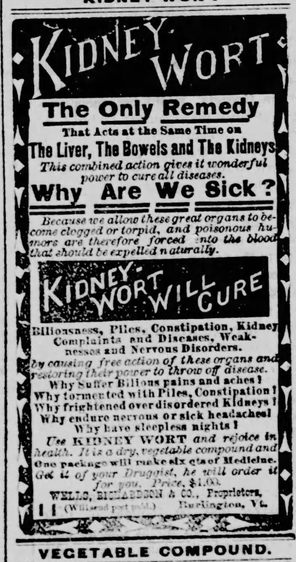
30 Days' Trial.

We send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts, and other electric appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men only who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Illustrated pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

HOP BITTERS.



KIDNEY WORT



VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00 per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

For sale by all druggists.

MAHER & GROSH, Monroe street, Toledo, Ohio, have on hand 10,000 pocket knives in the process of manufacture, and are now turning out over 2,000 of their hand-forged, razor steel POCKET KNIVES, and are anxious to supply the rest of the BLADE family. Every blade warranted. We send Knife like cut, two-blade, strong handle, easy inpocket post paid for 25c; our medium 2-blade, 30c; 1-blade, 25c; heavy 1-blade 50c; extra-strong 2-blade made for rough usage), 75c; OUR BEST, 2-blade, every blade tested, $1. Ladies' 1-blade, 25c; 2-blade, ivory, 50c; 2-blade, pearl, 75c. Gents' 2-blade Pen, 75c; 3-blade, $1. Pruners, oil tem

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 5 1881.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid!

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends, or as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents.

Address, THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this Week, 76,000

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Column 1—Guilty (poetry)
" 2-3-4—More Fangs and Fears.
" 4—Spoopendyke.
" 5-6-7—A Night Among the Nihilists.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—For the Ladies—Persons and Things
" 2-3—"Standard Oil"—Miscellany.
" 4—The Water Queen's Story.
" 5—Railroad Flirtation
" 6—Humorous.
" 7-8—Popular Science—Miscellany.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 3—Delayed Subscriptions.
" 4—The Sunday School.
" 5—Miscellany—Advertisements.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6-7—Editorials on Leading Topics.
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Home Letter—Susan Power.
" 2-3—Letter from Buckeye.
" 3-4—New York Letter—Correspondence.
" 5—Correspondence—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5-6—The Household.
" 7-8—Our Young Folks—Miscellany.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm
" 3-4-5-6-7—Telegraphic News.
" 8—Miscellany—Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 3-4—Latest Telegraphic News.
" 5-6—Review of the Week's Business.
" 7—Telegraphic Markets.
" 8—Advertisements.

NASBY IN EUROPE.

MAY 14th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing at once.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, agreed upon and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

TERMS:

For Three Months, post-paid.....50 cts.
For Six Months.....$1.00

NASBY PORTRAIT FREE

Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Mr. Locke's European Letters, for either three or six months, will receive free of charge a splendid

PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE.

in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be sold in the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait as well, should send their orders at once. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

Specimen Copies of THE BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription in advance. Address,

BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

EX-SEN. DORSEY says blankly that T. J. BRADY is a scoundrel.

MORMON proselytes to the number of 200 landed in New York Wednesday.

MRS. EDWIN BOOTH'S disease is bronchitis, and her death is a question of very short time.

THE HON. GILBERT DE LA MATYR, reformed preacher, etc., has gone on the lecture platform.

THE monument to be erected to Lord BEACONSFIELD in Westminster Abbey is to cost about £25,000.

SWITZERLAND is becoming alarmed at the extent of the emigration from its borders to other lands.

THE President is confident that ROBERTSON will be confirmed. We incline to that view ourselves.

THE President has appointed his old commander, Gen. D. C. BUELL one of the visitors to West Point.

"MARK TWAIN" heads the list with $10 in a Hartford subscription for a testimonial to JOHN BROWN'S widow.

IT is to be hoped that the Grim Reaper will be content with the illustrious ones he has already garnered in, and spare the great ones of the world for the rest of 1881. It is not often that he harvests in the first four months of the year four such eminent people as GEORGE ELIOT, THOMAS CARLISLE, the Czar of Russia, and Lord BEACONSFIELD.

WE are having a great demand for Nasby's new humorous pamphlet, "The Diary of an Office Seeker," advertised in another column at 15 cents each, postpaid by mail. The other pamphlets, "Nasby as a Banker" and "Democratic John Bunyan," are also having a large sale at 10 cents each.

THE Democrats show a surprising sense of the fitness of things in keeping rather quiet on the Star Route business. They had all the opportunity in the world to make the exposure, but the bribe of a few "expedited" routes closed their eyes tightly to all knowledge of wrong doing, and they left it all to be done by the Republicans.

CONNECTICUT has just passed a law offering a premium to those who plant or preserve trees on the highway. This is a good thing, and it would be well if every State would follow her example. Whoever plants a tree is a public benefactor, but until a country grows old, there seems to be a strife as to who shall cut the most down.

FIVE hundred acres of land around Yorktown have been purchased by the Committee Association formed to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of Lord CORNWALLIS'S surrender. The land will be beautifully laid off as a parade and camp ground for the French and American soldiers. The new buildings will be erected near the site of the Village. Virginia is anticipating a lively celebration of this Anniversary.

ONE of Sen. CONKLING'S friends says that "If the State of New York had been scratched (no pun intended) over with a fine-tooth comb, nobody could have been found more objectionable to CONKLING than ROBERTSON. The man has no following in New York except the enemies of Senator CONKLING." If he has all the enemies of Sen. CONKLING in New York united upon him, he has the largest and most respectable following of any man in the State.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE Republican Senators have been caucusing for several days with reference to such an abatement of the dead-lock as will permit the ratification of the Chinese treaty and the confirmation of several important nominations which the good of the public service requires shall be done. Enough is known of the discussions to give assurance that there will be such an intermission, the only difference of opinion between the Senators being as to what shall be the program of the executive session. Many are in favor of confirming STANLEY MATTHEWS, so as to give the Supreme Court a quorum, and also a few other nominations the confirmation of which is urgently needed. They would then adjourn the consideration of Judge ROBERTSON'S name, and the great mass of nominations over until the regular session. Those favoring this urge that it will postpone a dangerous division in the Republican ranks until after the Fall elections. Others insist that Judge ROBERTSON'S name shall be considered with the rest, and if there is to be a fight, the sooner it is had the better. There is nothing yet to indicate which of these will be successful.

THE Star Route investigation has been very noisy during the week, but made comparatively little real progress. Mr. BRADY has made an attempt at defense, which consists mainly of assaults and innuendoes against others. Mr. FRENCH, Mr. BRADY'S Chief Clerk, who was requested to resign, refused to do so and was removed. He has also published a letter, which is a virtual admission of the wrongs of the Star Route Service, but in which he claims that as a subordinate he had no right to interfere. It begins to look as if ex-Sen. S. W. DORSEY would be found to be the principal operator in the ring, after T. J. BRADY. His brother, brother-in-law, JOHN R. MINER, are shown to have received about a million dollars in payment for Star Route contracts, all of which had been much "expedited." Ex-Sen. BARNUM—Chairman of the Democratic National Committee—is discovered to have been a bondsman for the Star Route contractors, and otherwise implicated in their operations.

THE lines of battle have been fairly drawn between the Administration and Sen. CONKLING, and, as JOHN POPE once told an inquisitive correspondent: "The enagement is ordered to become general at 10 o'clock." Pres. GARFIELD has announced his position with great clearness and dignity, and in a way that must impress the people with its correctness. He is the Chief Executive of the Nation, and given the power and responsibility of appointing the officials who discharge certain duties. He cannot share this responsibility with anyone, and so shirk the consequences of bad appointments. He has made what seems to him a good appointment for Collector of the Port of New York, and he must adhere to it. If the Senate chooses to reject it, it will have to take the responsibility. Sen. CONKLING'S answer to this is a whine. He "received assurances" that "he would not be humiliated," and he says indirectly that the appointment of ROBERTSON is a "humiliation." Probably the appointment of any other honest, capable man would be equally a humiliation, but what is that to the people of the Nation? If the senior Senator from New York intrudes his sensitive feelings in the way of a proper appointment that is his own affair. He threatens a long, bitter fight against the Administration, which is not very dreadful to contemplate, as the Administration will probably do better with his opposition than his support, and he also threatens that his colleague—PLATT—will resign. What he intends to accomplish by this we know not. PLATT'S resignation would perhaps help the Administration more than it would embarass it, because his successor could hardly be as servile a tool of CONKLING as he is.

THE French are still carry on an aggressive warfare in Tunis, and so far have succeeded in driving the Kroumirs from the positions they had taken, compelling them to retreat from the hills into the valleys. The Tunisian camp has been moved South of Beja, and the Port of Biserta has been taken possession of by the French iron clads. The Bey now declares that he will refer the French or any other Government making proposals to him, to the Turkish Porte.

THE new Emperor of Russia seems determined to stamp out Nihilism by measures far more severe than any his father ever used for repression. At the same time he intends to carry out certain projects of reform which the dead Czar had planned and then gave up because of the savage proceedings of the Revolutionists. The new Government will probably have Gen. MELIKOFF for Prime Minister, Gen. IGNATIEFF, Minister of the Interior, and Prince LOBANOF, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

THERE is considerable trouble in Ireland over the evictions which have been lately attempted. In one place a mob of 5,000 persons assembled to resist the police and soldiers, 500 of whom were assembled to carry them through. It is said that the City of Dublin is under the Arms Act.

IN West Prussia the intense hatred of the Jews has cropped out in a riot. A mob led by a school teacher destroyed the houses of some of these people, and injured a number severely. A manifestation of the same feeling occurred lately at Elizabethgrad, in Russia, where a mob destroyed a synagogue. Troops were called in to suppress the disturbance. In the melee one Jew was killed and several wounded. The cause of the outbreak was the celebration of the Jewish Passover, which offended the superstitions of the peasantry.

MANITOBA will, perhaps, be peopled with French colonists, if the proposition to the Government of the Dominion by a French Canadian Company to establish a line of steamers between Montreal and some French port, is accepted. The Company is to transport the colonists, furnish each with a house, a yoke of cattle and sufficient provisions to last until the first crop is harvested. Ten years is to be allowed to pay back the value of what is advanced. A subsidy of $50,000 a year is to be given the Company by the Government, and the lands furnished at cheap rates.

THE Jewish population of New York City is 80,000, of which 10,000 are Russians

WHY WE OPPOSE BOSSES.

To a certain extent the BLADE is a firm believer in party discipline. There is no other way of attaining desirable political ends in our governmental polity than by the concentration of the men desiring those ends into political parties, which also involves the necessity of maintaining a partizan organization; and there can be no organization without some discipline.

This organization is like the organization of society, in which every one surrenders some of his minor rights to the community, in order to be assured a fuller and more certain enjoyment of the remainder and more important ones. In a political party a man frequently subordinates or ignores many of his beliefs, prejudices and prepossessions, in order to secure the gratification of the triumph of the more important ones.

This much for premise. Now for conclusion:

In the Republican party the organization must all be democratic—it can never become monarchic without ruining the party. That is, the organization must always rest upon the approval gained from the reason and understanding of a vast number of thinking men, who feel earnestly upon certain issues and principles; they must believe that the primary object of their combination into the Republican party is the settlement of those issues and the prevalence of those principles. Passion, prejudice, and transmitted party predilections have very little influence with them; personal favoritism none at all. The moment that there is nothing in the success of the Republican party to appeal to the patriotic impulses of about five million voters—the day when any considerable number of that vast mass of thinking men can not bring themselves to see that placing the Republican party in power is likely to secure better results in Government than its opponents,—then the Republican party passes into history, as a thing of the past.

The downfall of the party, when it comes, will not be accomplished by any violent schisms, and bitter contest between two factions of ambitious and greedy politicians, such as rived the Democratic party in twain. It will come when a dozen or a score of independent-thinking men in each voting precinct in the United States shall say among themselves:

"We do not feel like taking our former interest in the elections. The Republican party has ceased to be the engine for the advancement of better ideas and purer methods that it once was. It is now merely a question of whether the men at the head of it, or of the Democrats have the offices, and we confess we are indifferent in the matter."

Nothing will contribute so surely to the bringing about of this lamentable result as Bossism. A Boss, such as Mr. CONKLING or Mr. CAMERON—is a short-sighted being who labors under the delusion that voters are "organized," and marched up to the polls by whippers-in all over the country, the same as Sergeants and Corporals march little squads of soldiers to guard lines or picket posts. They are men who would substitute personal control for the reasoning that prevails with the Republican voters. They seem to think there is some fetish or necromancy—some voodooism—about the name "Republican"—no matter what unworthy lips pronounce it, or what impure purposes it may screen by which they can marshal all the millions of Republican voters into line for their own purposes. They think it is like the sacred green flag of MAHOMET, which the successors of the Califs of Bagdad produce whenever they have need of an armed levy for any purpose, and upon the appearance of which every true believer is bound to leave all, arm himself and follow, with entire disregard of the motives and objects of the expedition.

No thinking man can fail to see the deep absurdity of this. No one can fail to see that the moment a Boss imagines he has such power lodged in his hands he will begin to use it for the worst of purposes. The first effect of the assumption of the ownership of the party by a Boss is to lessen the affection and zeal of the mass of the voters for an organization which is being perverted to persona objects and private schemes. Though a Boss had the leadership of a NAPOLEON or a JULIUS CAESAR he could not, by virtue of his personal qualities, bring to and hold in the ranks of the party as many voters as his Bossship drives away from it. For instance, there is not the slightest doubt that so far from Sen. CONKLING'S leadership being of advantage to the Republican party in New York, it is a great damage to it. It is continually a question with about three out of every four Republicans in that State, whether their concern for the success of the party at any given election is so great as to induce them to swallow CONKLING—his crowd and his methods—or not. There are at least 50,000 of them whose antipathy is so great that they cannot master it, even on the most urgent occasions. It is evident that he cannot possibly attract anything like their number of votes to the party, by all his boasted management.

THE STORY OF A GREAT CRIME.

There never has been but one history of Andersonville written. The greatest, the most infamous crime of the century has had but one chronicler. JOHN H. M'ELROY, associate editor of the BLADE, was for fifteen horrible months a prisoner in Andersonville, and with the other victims of Southern barbarity went through it to the end. A trained journalist before his capture, he was, unquestionably, the only man qualified to write the history of the great crime. He did it, and the fact that over 60,000 of the book have been sold, attests its merit. There is no survivor of Andersonville who does not endorse it, and no lover of descriptive writing who does not give the work unqualified praise.

The book, "Andersonville," is an elegant volume of 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and elegantly and substantially bound. It is sold only by subscription at $3. It is not and never will be sold any other way. Agents for this book are wanted everywhere in the United States. In this connection it may be said that agents who have handled the book have, without exception, made a good income. The book sells at sight. For particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, or Boston, Mass.

IT is reported that large numbers of Chinese have been hired for the Southern States, and that some millionaire railroad builders have recently sent to China for 5,000 coolies. At that rate the labor market will soon be supplied.

THE STAR ROUTE EXPOSURE.

In the Star Route trouble, as in all the party scandals that have preceded it, the Republicans have the great consolation of knowing that it has been they alone who have brought the corruption and wickedness to light. No scrutiny of our opponents laid bare this wrong; no probe that they inserted or threatened to insert discovered the festering sore. Not in all the allegations of the Democrats against the Republicans has there been a charge of wrong-doing in the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

It is only after the day of Democratic rule and investigation is definitely gone by—when all their thunders of denunciation of official corruption of four years ago have shrunken into the little piping of sectional bitterness of the deadlock—when they have thrown aside as useless the probes and sounding leads and measuring rods, with which they equipt themselves upon coming into power, for the purpose of exposing and measuring Republican villiany—it is only when they have no longer power to ferret out or punish, that a revelation is made of the gigantic scandal.

It is not mere partizan pride that contributes the most of this consolation. It comes from that patrotic feeling which is ministered to by the spectacle of the great party of the country thus fearlessly exposing and applying the knife to its own excrescential growths. It shows that the party does not grow corrupt and and vicious by reason of length of years, and long enjoyment of place, but that its first use of the power returned to its hands is to inaugurate a reform within itself, and strain every nerve to make itself still more worthy of the confidence reposed in it by the people.

Such a heroic course gives not only the highest promise of a long career of usefulness for the Republican party, but it is also full of abundant assurance for the future of the country. When a party is strong enough, and has sufficient love of official purity to recognize and resolutely purge itself of the vicious in its composition—even though that had attained the power and position enjoyed by the Star Route thieves—then the integrity of our Governmental institutions may be regarded as assured beyond a doubt.

No other party in any country has ever done this; no one has ever attempted it. Heretofore such corrupt elements as the Star Route ring have gained such ascendancy in the parties that they have dragged them through all the filth of the utmost moral degradation, and the honest members of the parties, who were earnestly and sincerely attached to the principles advocated by them, have undergone untold shame and humiliation in finding those principles the convenient mask behind which hypocritical rascals could carry on their villainy. The Republican party spares its members this pain, by promptly exposing villainy wherever it exists, and applying the remedy with the firmness of a surgeon cauterizing an ulcer.

There will be a purer official atmosphere in Washington, and healthier blood in the Republican party after this investigation is done with than ever before.

GEN. LONGSTREET'S APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of Gen. LONGSTREET to the position of Marshal of Georgia, would seem to be one dictated by very good reasons of policy. The Republican party in Georgia, might by encouragement and good management be built up to where it can successfully dispute the control of the State with the Democrats. Last year 34.54 per cent. of the votes of the State were cast for GARFIELD, against 29.90 per cent. for HAYES in 1876. The proportion must continue to grow even more rapidly in the future, owing to the influx of Northern people, and Northern ideas through the gateway of Atlanta, to the spread of education, and to the general dissatisfation with the Bourbon management of the State.

Gen. LONGSTREET is not sufficient of a political manager to make the most of this condition of things, but he has dignity and reputation, and is attractive personally. This will make him a fitting head for the revolt against the Bourbons, and do much to secure its ultimate success.

THE HEROIC NIHILISTS.

Whatever may be thought of their methods, there is no doubt that no martyrs ever went to the stake more grandly than the Nihilists to execution. There must be underlying this a lofty enthusiasm and noble self-devotion, which cannot be founded on error or stupid fanaticism. The motive for their deeds and their lofty self-sacrifice is the noblest one that has ever moved any man or woman to suffer death—sympathy for the miseries and woes of others. The wretched condition of the mass of Russian people, the numberless outrages to which they are subjected by the brutal and rapacious aristocrats, are sufficient to raise up a race of martyrs as long as men have fellow-feelings for the sorrows of others. That they firmly believe that they are dying for man is beyond a doubt, and this belief is alone sufficient to command for them the admiration of all who love their race.

TWO VERY CHEAP BOOKS.

During the past season we have mailed to our subscribers more than twenty thousand books, all of which have been sold at less than half the regular price. Not a subscriber has purchased upwards of a dollars' worth of books who has not saved the price of the BLADE for one year. In every instance our book offers have been at remarkably low prices; but of all the bargains ever offered the public in the book line, are the two fine $3.00 books, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," which are mailing post paid for $1.25 each. Never was there such a demand for single books as we are having for these. Both should be in every family, as they are both valuable. The one is instructive and valuable as an aid to the proper understandihg of the Bible, and the other amusing, as well as being an inside history of the Rebellion. We have but a few copies of the latter book left, and those desiring it should order at once. Either of these $3.00 books for $1.25.

THE announcement that there has been a contract made to bring 60,000 Scandinavians to this country should be received with pleasure. The Scandinavian immigrants average higher than any other class of people that come to this country, except the Scotch. Almost without exception they are temperate, frugal, industrious, very moral, and with a fair common school education.

WHY?

If Gen. SHERMAN was not surprised at Shiloh he can doubtless give satisfactory answers to the following questions, which, by the way, he has never attempted to do yet:

Why did he not know that the whole Rebel army — 50,000 strong—had left Corinth, and for a week had been toiling painfully towards him over the 18 miles of muddy roads between the two positions?

How could he mistake the presence of such an immense force concentrated in his front "for nearly a brigade making a reconnoissance?"

Would he at any later period of the War have excused for a moment such an unparalleled blunder on the part of one of his Division Generals?

Would he not have sent home in hopeless disgrace any commander of an advanced division or brigade who had imperiled the safety of the whole army by such stupendous ignorance of what was going on in his front?

If the enemy had come from his position by a single march of one night, there might have been some excuse for not being ready to meet him, but what can there be when he takes nearly a week to come 18 miles?

But even supposing that he had not come out of his intrenchments, why was the army encamped so near such a formidable force in such a dispersed and incoherent condition?

Why was each Division General left to camp where he could find the best ground, without reference to mutual support, or a general line of battle?

Why were great gaps left between the flanks of the divisions, and no attempts made to connect them?

When these gaps were frequently filled with heavy woods, which completely shut off the view of the different commands of each other, why were there not some ordinary precautions taken to keep all the commands informed as to what was going on?

Why was each commander left to receive and take care of the attack as best he could, without any knowledge of the position of affairs elsewhere, or where he could look to for assistance?

Why was there no general line of defense indicated, to which all should repair, in case of an attack?

Why were no roads cut, so that artillery and regiments could be speedily moved to any threatened point, and ammunition supplied from the rear?

Why were no breastworks thrown up anywhere, no abatis felled to obstruct the advance of the enemy, no clearings made for the artillery?

What was the cavalry doing in the rear of the army, instead of being in its proper place a mile or so in advance of the infantry?

Why was the strongest division in the army sent away so far that it could not coöperate, and no roads cut or means of communication established by which its assistance could be readily had in the event of its being needed?

If the Rebels, instead of coming out the Corinth road, had gone out the Purdy road, would not SHERMAN have been even more ignorant of their movements, than when they were marching against his own front? And, had they chosen to play for smaller stakes, would they not have utterly annihilated LEW WALLACE'S Division, seized Crump's Landing, and cut the communications of the army, without the rest of the army being able to offer LEW WALLACE any assistance?

Why, when 50,000 Rebels were gathering all day Saturday within cannon shot of SHERMAN'S headquarters, was not some effort made to bring NELSON'S Division, lying in camp at Savannah, 12 miles away, up to where it could give help if needed?

These are leading questions in this matter. Whether any soldiers were bayoneted or shot while asleep in their tents, whether regiments were broken before they could get into line, is of smaller importance.

The dilemma that Gen. SHERMAN is confronted with at the bar of history is very clear and well defined. It is:

Did you, or did you not expect an attack in force on Sunday morning?

If you did not, then you were surprised. If you did, then you, and all those around you, failed to make the most obvious preparations for meeting such an attack.

SHAM STALWARTS.

The doddering Star Route ring shakes Mr. CONKLING with the convulsions preliminary to its fall. A crowd of counterfeit Stalwarts—worse imitations of his own sham superfine Republicanism—will fall and be crushed when that structure of corruption tumbles into the dust. It is quite as well. These men—and Mr. CONKLING—are like ultra-Puritan hypocrites in CROMWELL'S time, who brought disgrace upon the whole Puritan name by their crimes. There is nothing so common or so easy as for a designing man to assume the outward garb and semblance of the most exalted phase of religion or politics, and to cunningly trade on such assumption. Mr. CONKLING and his imitators say they are "Stalwart Republicans," but they cannot give any farther proof of this than their mere assertion. Not one of them has ever made the slightest sacrifice for the sake of the advancement of Republican principles. Not one of them has inconvenienced himself to advocate Stalwartism. They have only proclaimed themselves Stalwarts when such a proclamation was thought to be politic in promoting their chances for a big share in the offices. The truth is, that while insisting upon being Stalwarts they have never ceased to trade and dicker with the Democrats, and if their interests demanded, to betray the party to its enemies. It is these bogus Stalwarts — these pseudo Republicans, that have brought upon the party all the reproach it has suffered. Now is a good time to purge ourselves of a lot of them, and the Star Route investigation promises to afford the means. Let it be done relentlessly.

DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

There is but one perfect book of recipes before the public, and that is Old Dr. Carlin's. This book is the life work of one of the most eminent physicians of England, revised and edited for the American public by a thoroughly competent writer on domestic economy. There is no subject connected with the house, farm, health or kitchen that is not treated, and every process in the book has been tested in the most thorough manner. It will be found to be entirely reliable, and its use in a family will save its cost every week. It is an elegant book of 600 pages, and is sold at $2, by subscription. Agents are wanted everywhere. Address, for particulars, Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, or Boston, Mass. Agents report enormous sales. Over 20,000 were sold in advance of publication.

RELIGION IS PEACE.

Christianity's highest title is that of a "Gospel of Peace." It must strike all students of humanity singularly that this has become the creed of the most warlike peoples in the world. The sword has never been wielded so remorselessly, so efficiently and so actively as it has been by those who are devout followers of that meek-eyed Nazarene, at whose birth the angels sang the glad prediction of "Peace on earth, and good will to men." The Son of Man thus heralded preached an evangel of peace that in that turbulent day of seething revolts and convulsive wars was like the sweet, silvery tones of a pastoral pipe, heard at intervals between the blasts of strident war trumpets and the throbs of blood-firing drums.

For a time the men who listened to the teachings of the Messiah, seemed to accept them in their entirety. They believed the "new commandment" to "love one another" was as binding as any in the decalog. They conformed in practice to that teaching which said:

That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have *thy* cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

But while this seemed to be readily acceptable by the servile peoples of Asia Minor, long used to oppression, and to meek endurance of all sorts of ills from the hands of the powerful, it had little meaning or attractiveness for the free, bold, aggressive Europeans. These became, indeed, more earnest Christians than the Asiatics, because they were more earnest in everything they did, than the sensuous, enervated dwellers to the east of the Mediterranean. But it is queer that while these men and their descendants all over the globe have for 18 centuries given to the Christian creed generally a support of the most exalted intensity—while every terror that can assail man has been continually invoked dared and suffered to maintain trifling non-essentials in the great scheme of salvation, the peace element, which is its most essential feature, has received as little respect as is paid the Ohio liquor laws or the Mosaic ordinances.

FROM a rational stand point it would seem that when Peace is left out of the Christian scheme, the larger part is taken away. There is nothing so strenuously insisted upon, from the wearisome genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew to the brilliant imagery of the promises of the last chapters of Revelations as Peace—meek submission to all things, non-resistance in any shape, and patient endurance, charity for the transgressions, sins and offenses of others, for in this way only can the disciples become "perfect" children of Him "who maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." There is a continual reiteration of this cardinal idea. Each man is to work out his own salvation according to the light given him; he is not to take charge of his neighbors, and nothing that his neighbor may do, even unto him, can effect the final result. If he endures all things patiently to the end, his ample reward will be found in the future that awaits him beyond the grave.

It is this startling disregard of what is Christianity's prime *motif* that makes a church row so inexplicable. If men are Christians, their first duty is Peace and charity toward all men, but more especially their brethren. They are to gain Peace by every means, save those involving a personal offense against the right. They cannot ignore this and make any logical pretense to adhesion to any other part of the creed.

But see how trivial the pretenses upon which this first duty is evaded, and congregations of so called Christians are rent in twain, while a flood tide of calumny, hatred and unchristian antagonism pours in between the two factions.

For example, the Frst Presbyterian Church at Meadville, Pa. the largest, wealthiest, most cultured and refined of the congregations of that city—is torn asunder because of a quarrel which has arisen over their pastor, a very worthy and able gentleman. His opponents accuse him of Sabbath-breaking, forgery, and conduct unbecoming a minister. The specifications to these fearful charges are that he had his little boy bring home from the tinner's one Sunday evening a washboiler that was needed for the morrow's washing; that he erased the words "in full" from a receipt for his salary, because he did not think it was in full; and that he permitted card-playing and dancing in the parsonage.

Another contest of equal bitterness is raging in the North Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C. It has as a pastor Rev. CHARLES B. RAMSDELL, a man of education, talents and piety, a graduate of Yale College in 1872, and of the Union Theological Seminary in 1875. The only objection to him is that he has a Catholic wife. Her husband formed her acquaintance when she was Miss MARY BROOKS, and he a Government clerk, by boarding with her mother. The marriage was first celebrated by a Protestant minister, and afterwards ratified by a Catholic Bishop. The lady is described as very religious, and though a sincere Catholic, decidedly liberal in her views, or at least in her practices. Before her marriage she attended a Presbyterian Sunday School class taught by her future husband, and since they have been united has continued her attendance on mass and the confessional, and on her husband's Sunday morning services. She even went to his prayer meetings until objection was made by some overzealous members of his flock, and she joins in his household devotions. She is popular with the majority of her husband's charge, and others dislike her, mainly, if not solely, on account of her ecclesiastical connections.

These examples illustrate the curious anomaly that in a religion whose cardinal principle is Peace, the most insignificant causes are sufficient to develop the bitterest conflicts. In any other relation of life the things which prove such terrible seeds of dissension would be politely ignored. In society, business, the professions—in everything else in short—people display more consideration and toleration for each other than when "bound in the ties of Christian love." How this is reconcilable to any possible interpretation of the doctrines taught in the sermon on the Mount is beyond our power to discover.

SOPHIE PEROFFSKY, who was hung the other day for complicity in the assassination of the Czar, followed the higher women's course in the gymnasium in 1866, and in the year following left her home to become a teacher of the people. In 1872 she joined the Revolutionists, and was several times arrested and condemned for propagandism. In 1878 she was sent to the Olonets government, but escaped, and has since lived "illegally" under various names. She explained her object in joining the Socialists as follows: To endeavor to raise the economic well being of the people, and also the level of their moral and intellectual development. The members of the party, in order to arouse among the people social activity and a sense of their rights, began to settle in various parts of the country. When the Government met this movement with repressive measures the party, after much hesitation, determined to commence a struggle against the existing form of Government as the chief obstacle in the way of attaining their ends. A large fraction of the party did not sympathize with the fight, and seceded. The struggle, nevertheless, was carried on, and the persistent attempts on the late Emperor were due to the conviction that he would never change his bearing toward the Socialists nor his internal policy.

IT is astonishing how easily swindlers manage their victims. The most barefaced impostures are accepted as fact. Particularly is this true of foreign immigrants, who seem to have left behind them all of the shrewdness they may have possessed. A pitiful story is told of an old French pauper, aged 75 years, who died on Ward's Island, near New York, last week. He came to this country in 1878 with $3,000 in his possession, and was followed by two Italians, who passed themselves off as Frenchmen, and soon ingratiated themselves into the old man's confidence, succeeding, finally, in swindling him out of his money. Since then the poor old fellow has been awaiting the arrest of the swindlers and the return of his money, until death has relieved him of his anxiety.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Toronto *Globe* writes from Wood Mountain, near the headquarters of the hostile Sioux, that SITTING BULL'S band is reduced to a miserable remnant, and the redoubtable Chief is largely shorn of his influence among the braves who remain with him and are abeut ready to surrender. Indeed, he was on the point of giving himself up last December, but was persuaded by fear of punishment and a suspicion of treachery to hold out a little longer. Toward the end of March a war party of Assiniboines surprised two lodges of Sioux containing 17 persons, of whom they killed and scalped 15. Aside from the direct loss of fighting men, this disaster greatly disheartened the hostile band, and went far to convince them of their weakness.

THERE is no need of anybody getting up any excitement over the continuance of the deadlock. Except to those engaged in it it has only interest as a spectacle. The pay of the 76 honorable contestants goes on all the same, whether they are in Washington or posing in awful dignity in the bosom of their constituents. Likewise of their employes. There is no public interest really suffering. The only people really benefited by the continuance of the deadlock are the Washington hotel keepers, the correspondents and the officeholders who cannot be removed while the Senate is in session. The only ones injured are the men nominated to office and who cannot be confirmed.

THE name *Thomas Jefferson* BRADY tells the whole story. The Republican party has never yet been disgraced except by the kites and vultures who flocked to it for the sake of spoils after it had begun to be successful. BRADY'S name shows that he was born of radically Democratic parents, who wanted to label him through life as a Democrat. They raised him as a Democrat, and instilled Democratic principles into his mind. The only reason he had for leaving the arty was that he saw a better chance for applying them to practice by getting into power under cover of the Republican party.

THE Californians are contributing very liberally to the aid of the widow of JOHN BROWN. One of them writes:

"To the Editor of the Chronicle:

"SIR—I have the honor to enclose herewith check for $300 for the benefit of the family of 'Old John Brown.' God bless the widow of that dear, brave old man, who risked his life to save Kansas from the curse of human slavery, and to whom, more than to all of her human forces combined, the Republican party owes its existence and the country its present unparalleled prosperity. May his soul keep marching on.

"JOHN A. BENSON,

"SAN FRANCISCO, April 15."

UPON being told that the deadlock would probably last all Summer, and that Washington is very hot in Summer, Sen. MAHONE said that he never felt so well and active as in hot weather. This is sad news for BEN HILL. What will become of the Gabbby Goober-Grabber of the Ocmulgee, if MAHONE tackles him with any more savageness than he did the other day when he was not feeling his best?

IF all reports be true JAY COOKE'S famous twisting of the isothermal line until he located a banana zone in the Dakotian home of the blizzard, was awkward bungling compared with the way that Gen. SHERMAN has manipulated the map of Shiloh to show that he was not surprized.

WILL some of the papers who continually speak of *General* BRADY kindly inform us as to the sanguinary field upon which he won that title?

GEN. KILPATRICK thinks he is "solid" for a return to the Chilian mission.

A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATION.

We have issued a new poster for free distribution, headed by a very fine wood cut engraving, humorously illustrating "Nasby in Europe." In the center is a picture of Nasby carrying a guide-book under his left arm and an umbrella and carpet-bag in his right hand, the carpet-bag being labeled "P. V. Nasby, Confederate X Roads, Ky." In the background is a beautiful Swiss landscape, and the four corners are samples of architecture of France, Italy, England and Germany enclosed in oval frames. We wish one of them posted in every depot, blacksmith shop, grist-mill, saw-mill, hotel and store in the United States. We have already sent one to each postoffice. We will mail one free to every applicant who will place it in a conspicuous place.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The business of the Supreme Court of New York has increased 500 per cent. in the last 20 years.——The farmers and fruit raisers of Southern New Jersey say that the fruit crops in that section of the State will be considerably above the average.——The Turkish evacuation of the territory ceded to Greece will commence in three weeks and terminate three months after the signature of the convention.——"Foxhall," one of the horses sent to England by James R. Keene, has broken everything except the Derby winner, and has aroused high expectations among the turfmen.——The population of Chicago has increased 70 per cent. in 10 years, and membership in the churches only 13 per cent.——A Cincinnati boy, aged 12, not only disobeyed his father's injunction not to touch a gun, but used the weapon in such a way as to escape the threatened punishment. He committed suicide.——Along the northern side of Lake Ontario, when the ice gets rotten in the Spring, dwellers on the islands cross to the mainland in safety by fastening long, wide boards to their feet, like snow-shoes.——Moses Robison had for many years paid taxes on his property at East Northfield, Vt., at a valuation of only $40,000. When recently it was put up to $50,000 he became insane and committed suicide.——Mrs. Rebecca Delaney, who resided in Barlow County, Ga., died at 12 o'clock Saturday night. She was nearly 105 years old. Her husband was killed in the War of 1812, and she remained a widow up to the time of her death.——Near Weimar, Texas, Saturday, Sam Brown, while laboring under temporary aberration of mind, cut his wife's throat and then his own with a razor. She had recognized his condition and fled across the fields, but was overtaken. A little nine-year old daughter, who attempted to take the razor, was badly cut.——A surgeon was caught in the Connecticut River the other day, which weighed 256 pounds and measured eight feet in length.——Fresh excesses have been committed against the Jews at Argenau, West Prussia, and a number of families have fled from the place.——The Council of the University of the City of New York decided by a vote of nine to 8 to abolish the academical department of that institution.——In the past 16 years the British Indian budget has shown a deficit 16 times, and the sum total of the deficits in the past four financial years reached over $100,000,000. Military expenditures have absorbed 45 per cent. of the revenue.——The death rate of New Zealand for the past 11 years has been only 12.13 per 1,000. During the last six years the population has increased 55 per cent. The death rate of Victoria last year was 19.18 per 1,000. There is a high mortality among infants.——The Aldermen of Toronto are audacious in their knavery. They have just appropriated $23,000 out of the City Treasury for the purpose of providing "specimen blocks" of pavement, and the sites designated for this paving are all in front of property owned by Aldermen or other ring officials.——A steamer is aground in the Suez Canal, and navigation is suspended.——Gen. John S. Preston, died at Columbia, South Carolina, on Sunday.——The total loss by the

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 22.

I wish to devote this letter to some of the topics which have lately taken the interest of society, and on which some readers of this paper have desired my opinion.

A friendly unknown correspondent, after several kind things writes, "What you say pleases me, except in the case of George Eliot, and I don't understand your reasons for favoring her."

Dear, noble dust, under that flower-laden grave in England shall, how shall I find fitting words to set the truth about you before those who read?

When I try to speak about George Eliot, and think what the world has been saying of her, since her death, such poison rises in my veins that I am dumb from excess of words. How is it that no one knows that measure and right this woman of keen spirit, of a sort whom God does not make twice in a century, a woman whose work is hardened with conscience, innocent and fragrant from first to last with manly purity, ingrained honesty and religion—not "re eminent" from genius than from principle. Pollsties and Phariseelove exchanged ribald and malicious regret over her graves, and not one friend has found worthy defense for her work but by ignoring or apologizing for her?

No not write to excuse George Eliot, but to prove her clear and full justification—for so much to justify her whom heaven claims and consoles, as to arraign her paltry accusers.

Excuse her! When the truth is known and comprehended, the Pharisees who could not enter her name on their visiting lists and the men who sneered at "George Eliot as of unmarried women" will not be more ashamed of their mistakes than the smallminded women who have tried to vail her and fame with their aprons of pity, lisping in affected and muzzled-for charity, "If she sinned, she also suffered." They will be ashamed that they took the verdict of polished society without even asking for the facts, and forgave where they might veil their own unwritten sins in becoming silence.

I may perhaps be allowed an impartial admiration of this woman, as I have never been an ardent admirer of her work in a literary way. I never was enthusiastic over "Adam Bede," and rather disliked "Felix Holt," and quotations from Tertullian and the original Greek make no manner of difference in my esteem of an author unless the thought is good as Shakspere's or better than the daily newspaper. I found "Romola" tedious, and secretly felt that Tito, her husband could hardly have done other than he did, as no more man could have endured such a weight of erudition and enthusiasm together; and I never could read all of "Daniel Deronda." But these overweighted works were produced under the pressure of advisers whose influence can be oppressive, over a nature sensitive and exacting of itself as that of George Eliot. The woman who wrote the grace and sanctity of "Silas Marner, the acute humanity, unflinching tragedy of "Mill on the Floss," and the larger insight and experience of "Middlemarch" and of *Gwendoline's* part of *Deronda* and the sad farseeing wisdom, the delicate subtle satire of "Theophrastus Such" was the real George Eliot, whose genius was only the handmaid of a spiritual power and perception, of which the world stands in perishing need.

There she lies confessed, sound as scripture, strait as the Fathers of the Church, Calvinistic Quakers in matters of right and conscience. Is this the high morality of sentiment which many have written of as a shallow and sensual nature. Can you not tell the accent of truth and conviction when you hear it? You never find an affected moralist able to draw such straight unswerving lines of duty as lie herein. Dickens's inflated sentimentalism could be pricked like a bubble, Thackeray with all his generosity, Trollops with all his high code of English honor, unconsciously allow their male characters in flagrant contempt of principle and honor, and expose actions which would be contemptible outside of books, and which even a groor could despise. There is nothing of this betrayal of an inferior morality in George Eliot's books. Still farther is she from any of the aberrations of George Sand, or the liberality of some other representative woman whose morals exhale a musky odor. This is why I revere her. She is so clean all through. She does not touch pitch in morality, her work is not so much a high morality, as high morality. And whose is the word which says, "Ye cannot gather figs of thistles, neither of a bramble bush gather ye grapes?" Here are the figs of tender sweetness, and the rich grapes of purity and wisdom, and unless we stultify our own eyes and tastes, we must know that neither thorn nor thistle bore such divine fruit.

But—but—but—with the cynical smile, which disgraces so many countenances as they speak of what should be saddest pity if true, "do you really believe she lived with Mr. Lewes without being married, or do you believe that their relations were purely platonic after all?"

I do not deny probabilities or common sense so far as to think the latter, nor is it necessary. As to the crucial question, according to the law of England, neither Marian Evans or George Henry Lewes were married, nor did they affect to be. Neither if these profess a platonic attachment, though it would have been easy to do so, and to make a great many people believe in it, as not a few did, in face of circumstances. The facts of a very sad history, as far as the world has ever known them, are these: The first wife of Mr. Lewes left him and eloped with her lover to Paris. Her husband went after her, received and forgave her. When the second time, in a fashion which showed utter worthlessness of heart, she disgraced and left him, he applied for a divorce. But the law of England in its supreme wisdom decrees, that if a man pardons an unfaithfulness once, it bars all subsequent relief or divorces.

He was left without a name, with children needing a woman's care, with the gloom of memory beside his hearth, a free man by the law of God, and the strictest code of ethics, but by unjust law, barred from the tender sympathy, by the loving helpfulness which every man craves as truly as the veriest woman, in his secret heart. He was a man of not ignoble aims, as men count ambitions. He had need of a home and his children need the guidance and care these lit. shielded the innocent for a lifetime by the enormous error of a law whose obstructions in a score of other matters are the hindrance of civilization and the scorn of civilized Nations to day! The authority which all Christians revere, had expressly pronounced the right of man or woman to re-marry in such case, and there lies written across this permission, in the Sacred Book, the awful injunction, which the conventional world reads in too limited a sense, "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." On one side were circumstances which, in any code or creed, give clearest and freest right to marriage, there was the closest sympathy of tastes and work, there was a woman misunderstood and coldly treated by her nearest friends for her sincere questionings of faith, a woman with whom love was devotion, and affection burned with the fervor of passion in meaner minds; past the follies and dreams of youth, trained to all the fastidious honor, the reserve and personal refinement of the best sort of English women, whose associations and influences had not been likely to lower her sense of purity or the sacredness of obligations. Her friend came to her in the sacredness of a misfortune, a life-long grief which of all others is one to take a woman's heart out of her bosom. In pity, there was no sensitive pride, with the good name of his children considered,—the last man to risk his own reputation or theirs by blazoning a vulgar *liaison* or placing a mistress at the head of his home. Such persons were not likely to risk the frown of society had their union not been wholly blameless and consecrated in their own eyes, and those of their friends. Against them was what all concede to be the absolute, idiotic error of a law-maker, who assumed to be wiser than the code of Moses and the New Testament.

Three hundred years and more before them, a man of philosophic mind and large, warm heart, and a woman of noble birth and nature, found themselves drawn together by dear attachment, which the stern law of the whole of Europe and the sentiment of all civilization, save a handful of reformers, then forbade. Such a union was looked upon not merely as a crime, but as privilege, and violation of the holiest vows. Yet, finding permission in the Word of God for their marriage, they drew near, and against the face of Christendom, of Holy Church and of society, were made one. To-day the Christian Church rejoices in the marriage of the monk Luther and the nun Catharine Von Bora as one of the victories of truth and purity over narrow, degrading celibacy.

A thousand Quaker men and women have lived spotless and respected in the sight of their neighbors, and died with calm consciences, who were no more legally married according to the laws of their country than the woman who wrote "Marian Lewes Spinster" as executrix of her husband's will, and who bore the ignorant scorn of half-heathen British society because their law denied her the clearest right of a wo man. It used to be contrary to the religion of Quakers to be joined in marriage by any of the rites known to other churches or the civil law. But no matron among them was looked on as other than spotless, and no people bore so utterly honorable a character in all the relations of life. Those who love to represent George Eliot as swept by a rush of headstrong passion into a guilty and scandalous alliance, only dishonor themselves. The friends of both herself and Mr. Lewes testify that no step was ever more gravely weighed, or undertaken with fuller understanding of its meaning and consequences. The world is so far from knowing the truth that its conclusions in the matter have simply laid it open to the scorn of all with the slightest knowledge of the persons with whom it meddled. So far from being unprepared for the ostracism which followed, Marian Lewes found the life to which she dedicated herself had more flowers, and fewer sacrifices than she counted on. Her own conscience was clear between herself and her maker, she gave herself to making George Lewes and his children happy as sacredly as any woman goes to her husband with rites of holy church and troops of approving friends, and this conviction of personal right and purity carried her through many a wound and writhing of misconstruction. Her place in the household was one of love and honor, no wife more esteemed, more hallowed, no mother more cherished by those who felt her firm and wise persuasion She never knew she was not married, in worship or observance from husband or friends, who all learned a lesson of the dignity and sacredness of true marriage in the orderly home of the Lewes. It was only those who never knew her, who could criticize or sneer. In all the elements held by the Christian world as essential to marriage, this was perfect. It lacked no public recognition of the union, or protection, it was the keeping of one man to one woman in honor, decorum and sacredness to the end of life, and neither felt more free to lay it aside than if they were Catholics to whom divorce is forbidden.

No more baseless slander goes abroad than the protest that such examples tend to lower the sanctity of marriage. The example of well ordered lives, wherein the man cherishes a woman with the name and honor of his wife, and is true to her and her only till death do them part, is not what is to destroy the esteem of marriage. It is the essence of marriage, as arranged by God to secure each of his creatures a friendship for life. The average man to whom marriage is a matter of added fortune, or interest, or the possession of a woman, cannot possibly find in any union more than the civility society bestows upon it. And of all creatures in earth, the average Englishman is most incapable of understanding marriage. It represents few ideas to him which are not gross and lowering, and it requires all the honors of society, the pomp of wedding breakfasts and orange flowers and admiring friends to raise its esteem in his eyes. All the purity of motive, the affection, the devotion which would go to a lawful, unembarrassed union, decent and approved in the sight of all who saw it, would weigh nothing to him, beside the marriage of the greatest sensualist in England to the most worthless woman, according the due forms of law. And no mole could be so blind as he to all infringement of marriage law, inside the loose rope of society. He can swear in solemn presence before the House of Lords that the conduct of a Prince of Wales is spotless, whether that Prince be Albert the Present, or George the Fourth. His bishops and archbishops, their wives and daughters will throng to make their courtesies to the Prince's favorite, and will tolerate and applaud performances in privileged chambers of society that would open the eyes of decent folks with amazement, and he is ready to make up for it by throwing stones at any one outside the sacred limits till the heap is higher than that of Achon. Such people are horrified because the Lewes lived virtuously and happily outside the pale of English law, which has hardly yet sanctioned the marriage of a Catholic and a Protestant, though solemnized by clergy of either faith. Perhaps the descendants of many women who counted it honor to disregard the Fugitive Slave Law in favor of a higher law, may be better able to form an opinion on a similar question of law against implanted individual right.

This woman, whose fame will clear with time, committed no crime, save that of taking the right expressly allowed her by God and scripture against the edict of man, and mistaken in that she was liable from this point, is without parallel blameless and noble. The whole bent and effort of her life was toward the highest morality, the refinements of conscience and obligation. Dare we judge her, whose standard in other things is so far below her? Are we so sure of our enlightenment that we can play judge and jury without scrutiny of facts, much less of motives? I have given the skeleton of the truth as told me years since by an English writer who knew the Lewes. And I am persuaded that the more that is known of that jealously-guarded home the more honorable the facts will be to the genius veiled behind its seclusion. Every point told is in her favor, and it is folly not to assume that where everything known is honorable, save in one point of view, that it is not likely to prove as bright as the rest. It will be a rejoicing to gentle and Christian hearts to find so lofty a character free from blame in so vital a point. But there are those many who would be sadly disappointed to find that George Eliot deserved no less honor for personal character than for her genius. I cannot say half that presses about her in the limits of this article, but I will remind those troubled on her account, that no genius ever threw a stronger influence in the world for right and conscience, and we have supreme authority pronouncing that "He that is not against me is for me." And what need we more to comfort our hearts concerning her? The women who have a past to conceal, and those whose only hope of reputation is built upon the ruin of their neighbors, those jealous of wide and worthy fame and pricked by the satire which stung their faults too keenly, the men to whom womanly virtue is a jest, and those to whom manly honor is unknown, will carry on the sneer against George Eliot, but those who have right to speak shall reverently unveil the history of the dead—and no longer.

SUSAN POWER.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Another Statue—Honors to the Memory of Faragut—The Postoffice Scandal—Hawley and Brown—The Bourbons and Sen. Frye—Republican Consultations—The Season.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, April 29.

Outside of politics the chief interest at the Capital has been the unveiling of the Vinne Reams statute of Faragut. The day was pleasant, the weather suitable for outside movements, and the military display, consisting alike of soldiers and sailors, was unusually impressive. The procession moved promptly at the time appointed (2 o'clock) and made a grand display as it swept through the avenue on its way to 17th street. The little park in which the statue stands is surrounded by princely dwellings, and is in the most opulent portion of the City. All these were richly draped for the occasion and the elaborate seatings prepared for the audience were covered with flags and presented a very tasteful appearance. The President accepted the statue as the organ of the Government and the Hon. Horace Maynard and the Hon. Daniel Voorhees pronounced historic orations in honor of the gallant achievements and great services of the departed hero.

In writing from England four years ago, I had occasion to speak of the monuments erected from time to time, in honor of her distinguished men. London seemed to be full of them, and they impressed an American the more, because such things, here, have been among the rarest. But Washington, in this regard, is not long to be behind any City in the World. Within the last 10 or 12 years we have done more to commemorate the great names of the past in stone and bronze than any other nation. Within that time we have erected in Washington alone the National monument, the equestrian statue to Gen. Scott, the equestrian statue to en. McPherson, the equestrian statue to Gen. Thomas, the statue to Pres. Lincoln, the statue to Gen. Rawlins, and the statue to Admiral Farragut. It has been stated that Vinni Reams's monument to Farragut is the first compliment of the kind ever bestowed on an American sailor; but this must be a mistake. There is certainly at Cleveland a statue in honor of Commodore Perry, and probably there are others.

Another exciting topic outside of the deadlock is the scandal in the Postoffice Department. The country has been so free from scandals of this kind for the last five or six years that its ears are open to every rumor and it is ready to believe everything that is reported. But the aspect of these frauds are somewhat curious. If it turns out, as is now indicated, that the men who are supposed to be guilty have always kept within the law and never transcended its provisions, how is it to be proved that they are guilty of the crimes charged against them? It is, however, understood that Gen. Brady has, by some means, accumulated a fortune since he has been serving the State in the Postoffice Department; and, while this will tend to intensify the popular judgment against him, it must be remembered that it not a crime to make money, nor is it a crime to commit errors. In the Credit Mobilier corruptions a number of persons were brought down to a premature grave by the unpleasant exposures that were made, but nobody, I think, was convicted in the courts of crime. It is understood that the President has given orders for a thorough investigation, and rumor says that many men of National reputation are likely to have their good names soiled.

Among the Interesting in the Senate Mr. Hawley's exposure of Sen. Brown has created more amusement here than anything else. Brown has been particularly officious in charging a corrupt bargain, by which the vote of Sen. Mahone was secured to the Republicans, and this was probably the reason why everybody laughed when the tables were turned upon him. One day last week Brown had sent to the Clerk's desk and had read a variety of extracts from papers which he called Republican, and which threw mud at Mahone on account of his political attitude. When he had got through Mr. Hawley arose with a report in his hand of the proceedings of the Republican Convention held in Chicago in 1868. It seems that Brown was a member of that Convention, and was, of course, a Grant man. He was then hailed "as a re constructed Rebel" and great enthusiasm waited on his words. But what particularly attracted the attention of Sen. Hawley in one of Brown's speeches was this sentence. "If you will give us (Georgia Republicans) the *fruits of the victory* we have lately won we will carry Georgia for Grant." Sen. Hawley could not help noticing the *conditions* which the re-constructed Rebel made. The State was to be carried if the *fruits* were duly bestowed. No man, said Mr. Hawley, could well resist that appeal, and hence, Gov. Bullock, taking the hint, made Brown the Chief Justice of the State. The Senator evidently knew how it was himself. He was, Mr. Hawley said, a very persuasive man, and he had not only persuaded Gov. Bullock, but, more recently, he had persuaded the colored men of his State to support him against the Bourbon Democracy who threatened to crush him. These men had a right to expect that the Senator from Georgia would take their side. They had a better right to rely on him than they had to rely on the Senator from Virginia; and now, exclaimed Mr Hawley, with an air of great indignation closing his book and throwing it violently on the desk before him now he comes here and delivers us lectures about "bargains."

But perhaps the chief interest in the Senate has been the trouble which Mr. Frye's speech has given to the Bourbon wing of the Democracy. Every one that has spoken has "felt it laid upon him" to answer it. Every one has pronounced its statements slanderous and false, every one has been astonished at Mr. Frye's facts. What is so very embarrassing about this speech it does not go back into the "dead past" and shake out the old folds of the bloody shirt, but gives the Bourbons an entire new set of facts gleaned from the office of the Attorney General, showing that outrages in the South were just as frequent and just as effective in suppressing the Republican vote now as they were in the days of the KuKlux and the leagues; and virtually indicting all the Bourbon Senators for bold, audacious and shameless lying.

Among those who have devoted many weary hours to exposing the errors of Mr. Frye's speech is Mr. Jones, one of the bogus Senators from Florida. As he is a carpetbagger from Ireland, he was particularly disgruntled on account of the insult cast upon "my State." But the most refreshing portions of his speech were those in which he defined and justified slavery, and proved from Edmund Burke and from the Bible that it was a mighty good thing to have, and a marvelous help to liberty. Still he maintained that nobody wanted it restored, and he only spoke a good word for it because he was provoked to it by Mr. Frye's base slanders against "my State" and a slave civilization. It was a little wearisome to hear this old plantation song through so many hours, but it occupied the time more agreeably than dry motions to go into secret session.

The caucuses held by the Republican Senators seem to show the greatest harmony of action. They foreshadow a break in the "deadlock" for the purpose of acting on the nominations of the President, but other wise no change in the program before agreed upon. There was an unanimous agreement that the will of the majority must be insisted on at all sacrifices. So far as disputed nominations are concerned, it is understood that they must wait till the Senate is fully organized.

Our long and uncomfortable Winter, running into March and "lingering in the lap" of April, broke down all at once at the end of last week, and we stepped at once from frosts and chills into the climate of Summer, with the mercury up to 85. Of course vegetation has come forward with great rapidity and we are now luxuriating in the greenest sort of grass, and with showers of blossoms looming up from all the fruit gardens of the City. The fruit buds of the peach appear to have been killed by the hard Winter and there are, consequently, no peach blossoms in this vicinity. But cherries and pears and plums have come out with a profuse promise, and together the coming leaves of the shade trees make our City look its best. We are now in our Sunday clothes. BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Bench Show of Dogs—A Great Exhibit—Canine Craze—The Sunday School Anniversary.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 30.

The annual Bench Show of dogs by the Westminster Kennel Club has been more of an attraction this week than the theaters or the meeting of the Board of Aldermen. The thousand and odd dogs collected in the American Institute Building were worth a visit from anybody. Think of such a mass of animals, each chained separately, but all barking and howling and yelping together! The high arched roof echoed and re-echoed with the "yapping" like a section of the dog pound in Summer. There were dogs of every sort and every degree, except fire dogs and prairie dogs. The most admired were the big brutes, huge mastiffs, noble-looking fellows standing, some of them, 30 inches at the shoulders and strong enough to pick up a man bodily. There was

A MASTIFF FAMILY

of three, "Cæsar, his wife and child," the placard said, that were the most contented beasts in the room. Cæsar was a smooth-coated, light fawn-colored dog, weighing nearly 200 pounds, and he lounged at the end of his chain, beaming with good nature and poking up his black muzzle to be patted and shaking hands with his intimate friends. His mate was nearly as large, and the pup, a few months old, was already big enough for a very respectable watchdog.

Another big dog was Mr. Samuel J. Tilden's mastiff, Wallace, brownish yellow, and a prize-winner. Ladies were out in force, both as exhibitors and visitors. One of the big mastiffs that carised off a second prize, belongs to Miss Sarah Hewitt, granddaughter of the ex-Congressman of the name. The big monsters lolled lazily about their straw lined stalls, munching away at their coarse "dog biscuit," or dozing quietly, hour after hour. Every care is taken of the dogs to keep them in health and good order. A smooth-coated St. Bernard dog that I saw was fed half a dozen raw eggs every day with his biscuit. Standing admiringly in front of his place was Henry Bergh, to whom more than to any other man the dumb brutes are indebted for r champion.

Fully as large as the mastiffs, and 10 times more ferocious, were the Siberian bloodhounds, or Ulm dogs. They have short, iron-gray hair, and long, muscular bodies, sharp pointed ears, and jaws that seemed strong enough to crush anything from a badger's head to a horse's leg. No wonder they are marked "dangerous," for they do not take kindly to handling and make savage lunges at the circle of lookers-on when they get too close. But the big shaggy Newfoundlands and rough St. Bernard's were everybody's pets. There were some splendid specimens of the pure-blooded, web-footed Newfoundland's, and of the shaggy-coated dogs from the Swiss mountains. The

POINTERS AND SETTERS

gathered in larger force than any of the other classes. There was James Gordon Bennett's pointer, Hebe, imported from Sir Francis Grafton's kennels. Hebe is a lemon and white beast, valued well up in the hundreds. There were bird dogs from the prairies of Kansas and Minnesota, and kennels of the choicest imported Gordon setters that had never flushed a bird in American stubble yet. The Toledo Kennel Club exhibited their fine specimens of the latter class, Venus, January and Toot. Black-and-tan setters and red Irish setters, long of hair and of ear, were critically looked over by sportsmen and commented on distinctly, though to one looking on they seemed all alike. The judges had a hard time. There were hundreds of good dogs to be looked over and decided between. Owners of valuable dogs would not trust them to the care of an attendant, but stood for hours in the ring attached to a pet bull terrier or an ugly, short-legged dachsound waiting for two judges. Men of hundreds of thousands led around a favorite spaniel, or were towed around by a reckless-looking bull dog with a face like a Tammany Alderman. The bulls were the most depraved looking class of dogs at the show. One of them, a prize brute, bore the fresh marks of a lately fought battle, while the winner of the first prize had but little left of ears or nose.

But

THE SNUB NOSED PUGS

and slender black-and-tans received a perfect ovation from the women. "O, let me kiss the little darling!" was the only way they had of expressing their admiration for the ugly brutes—bull-dogs in miniature. A well-known actress entered her pet pug—a gift from Queen Victoria, by the way—a fat, pampered beast, that lay at his ease on a blue satin cushion during the day and at night was carefully put in a basket and taken home.

Toy dogs without end, terriers, poodles, pugs, King Charles spaniels and Skye terriers of tiny size, were shown in bird cages. One lady, unwilling to leave her little black-and-tan cur in a cage, made herself a martyr by holding his satin cushioned basket in her lap day after day through all the crush. She got a prize for her pound and a half of dog at last. Yorkshire terriers, fox terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, fox hounds, beagles, gray hounds and deer hounds made up the rest of an exhibition that it would tire one out to go through in detail.

A MAY MEETING.

The celebrati n by the Baptist Sunday Schools of Southern New York on May 17, of the twenty-first anniversary of the organization of the Sunday School Association, will be made the occasion for an immense open air concert in Union Square. Children will be present in thousands, and each of the four large divisions will be led in singing by some of our well-known musicians. It is expected that the gathering will rival the famous Summer Sunday School meetings at Chautauqua Lake. After the concert, there will be a parade, and then the divisions will each be assigned different churches for further exercises. It will be a notable time among Church and Sunday School people.

MOVING UP-TOWN.

Trinity Church, in Broadway, at the head of Wall street, which was first erected in 1696; St. Paul's, just below the Astor House on Broadway, built in 1795, and St. John's, in Varick street, below Canal street, built in 1803, are now the only down-town churches of any note. The churches have steadily followed the movement of population uptown during the last 50 years. The same process of abandonment of old sites for new ones still nearer the Harlem is still going on, even in what are now uptown regions. The three churches mentioned above, however, have not followed their congregations up. All of them belong to the Trinity Church Society, whose property in this part of the City is of immense value, and the deterioriation of the quality of the down town district which has compelled other churches to move has not affected the Trinity property.

On West Twenty-third street, which is being very rapidly appropriated for business purposes, is a brown stone edifice, known as the Calvary Baptist Church. Ten years ago Rev. R. S. MacArthur became its pastor. At that time the congregation numbered about 300; now it is three times that number and the church is often overcrowded. They have repeatedly been importuned to sell the property for business purposes, and as a large proportion of the congregation live farther uptown they decided to do so. They value the edifice and location at $350,000. They will commence building a new church during the coming season, which will cost when completed some $400,000 or $500,000. The location will be in the neighborhoon of Fifth avenue and Fiftieth street. KELP.

Land Warrants for Soldiers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your issue of March 24th, I noticed a letter from Samuel Ferris, of Co. F, 36th O. V. V. I., in regard to land warrants. There has been a great deal said pro and con about equalizing the soldiers' bounties. Now I venture the assertion that the old soldiers, as a mass, do not want the Government to pay out any more money in the way of bounty. At the close of the war we received all the pay for which we had contracted our services, and returned to our homes happy in the thought that we had saved the honor and integrity of our Nation, that we had preserved without the loss of a single star, that grand and glorious but tattered and blood-stained banner of our country, that we had given the priceless boon of freedom to four millions of human beings, and for 16 years the old soldiers as a mass have struggled to preserve with the ballot what they so dearly gained with the bayonet, and while there have been bounty jumpers without number that have died almost at the moment of their birth, and while our eminent Legislators have busied themselves with bills to pension Gen. Grant there has never been a move made in the right direction for the benefit of the thousands who really need it.

Now, while I am an enthusiastic admirer of Gen. Grant, I would urge upon my comrades to ask of our Representatives in Congress, that while they remember the high in position, they remember also the lowly, and while we ask for no more money we would ask for some consideration from them in another way. Our Government is the possessor of millions of acres of vacant lands scattered all over the West, of which land speculators and Railroad corporations are gobbling up thousands of acres each year. There are also lands in our land, and especially in the crowded Eastern States, thousands of needy poor men who served faithfully during the war and who are now living from hand to mouth, to whom a land warrant would be a God send, and who would gladly leave the crowded Cities and Towns of the East could they be assured of a free home in the West. Now comrades, are we not as much entitled to our land warrants as the soldiers of 1812 were to theirs. Let us then in the columns of the soldiers staunch friend the Toledo BLADE, agitate this question. Let us circulate petitions and carry the war into Egypt, even to the very doors of Congress, until we receive at least some consideration from Congress. E. S. WEST

Co. B, 34th O. O. V. I.

Grand Junction, Iowa, April 4.

Short Rations.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

In your issue of March 31, I find some remarks from Charles Sainquin, in reference to G. W. Fender on short rations in the regular army. I can say something from my own experience. In '65 we moved from Bladensburg to the chain of forts at the right of Bunker Hill. While lying there the men were so starved that they would go down to the tomato fields, bring the tomatos up by the bushel and eat them. I would ask comrade Shinguin what became of our rations, and we lying within four miles of the Capitol of the United States.

After leaving there in the Fall of 1865, we went to Dry Tortugas. Arriving there we found two colored regiments with plenty of vegetables. Our vegetables were plenty while they were there, but for seven months after they left we had no vegetables of any sort. After this time the uncommissioned officers got up a mess. I got a furlough and went to Key West, and with our own money purchased potatos and turnips. I would further say that in the regiment I was in on some occasions the abuse that some received was enough to make any man desert. For myself I did not desert and have an honorable discharge, but I know that was the cause of more than one desertion.

AN EX-SERGENT,
of Battery D, 5th U. S. A.

The Chinese Treaty.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2.—The following dispatch was sent Sen. Miller last evening:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30.

To Gen. J. F. Miller, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C:

Our community is largely agitated over the confirmation of the Chinese treaty. The Republican League and State Central Committee have been convened, and have considered the matter, and deem it of the greatest importance that you should spare no effort to secure its passage. Your position, as all understand it, is warmly and unanimously sustained by the citizens of all classes. A Republican meeting is called at the Grand Opera house for Tuesday evening, to give forcible expression to this opinion, of which you will be duly advised.

(Signed) F. F. LAW,
Republican State League.
W. W. MORROW,
Republican State Central Committee.

Fraudulent Land Speculators.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The floods in Dakota have prevented the holding of court for the trial of Cameron, indicted for the land frauds. As soon as travel is resumed, the Department will push the case to a conclusion, and look into the alleged frauds in the land operations of the West generally.

Gen. Williamson, who has been on a trip to the Southwest, will be back in a day or two, when the affairs of the office will probably be expedited somewhat. There will be some means devised, if possible, for the protection of the public interests in land. A proposition has been made to appoint inspectors, and it may be adopted. This system is said to have worked well with the Indian Bureau.

SEE advertisement of Toledo Needle Co. in this week's issue. They are reliable, and send sewing machine needles by mail to any address as advertised.

Parties wishing to correspond with reference to Missouri lands, are referred to the advertisement of Geo. Ste ter & Co., in this issue of the BLADE.

A NEW PUMP

Which Receives the Commendation of All who Inspect It.

The Detroit *Evening News* has this to say of a Toledo invention exhibited there:

A number of gentlemen interested in mechanical matters assembled by invitation this morning to witness the operation of a new steam force pump, at C. F. Murdock's machine shop, No. 51 Atwater street east. The pump is the invention of Norbert Legroes, now residing in Windsor, and is called "Legroes' whirling force pump." A. W. Joyce, of Windsor, and J. H. Joyce, of Toledo, a Canada Southern baggageman, have purchased the patent right for the United States and Canada, and it was for them that the pump in question, the first built in this country, was made by Mr. Murdock. Every one who saw the trial pronounced it a good thing, and predicted a fortune for its owners as soon as it became known to engineers. Among those who have examined it is Mr. Fontaine, the inventor of the Fontaine locomotive, and his well known ability gives his favorable opinion much weight.

The pump is about three feet high and 15 inches in diameter. As a matter of fact it is six pumps in one. The suction pipe leads into a chamber or reservoir at the base of the machine, and the six cylinders, arranged in a circle, open into the top of the chamber. Above the cylinders is another reservoir, similar to the bottom one, into which the water discharged from the cylinders and then forced through the discharge pipe. The pistons are worked by a head with six arms, which has a gyratory motion similar to a spinning top when its force is almost spent, working the six pumps continuously one after the other, and throwing a constant and uniform stream of water. Run at a speed of 100 revolutions per minute it will throw 2,500 gallons per hour and it can be run up to 300 revolutions, throwing about one and one-half times more water. The principle of the pump is entirely new, and Mr. Murdock thinks it is *the* pump of the future. For fire engines it is peculiarly adapted on account of its steady stream and smooth action, there being no air chamber and consequently no pulsation. The pumps can be built lighter and for much less money than any other pump of the same capacity. Mr. Murdock says that one of these pumps one-eighth the size of the water works pump would throw the same amount of water and would cost only about one-eleventh the sum paid for the City's machine. It is also specially adapted for mines and other places where water has to be forced to a great height.

THE ROBERTSON CASE.

The President's Position.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—A Western Associated Press reporter has obtained an accurate account of the interview from the best authority. The President took the dignified position that he could not consent to any sort of condition or compromise nor could he make any concession. He had sent to the Senate a nomination he regarded as eminently proper to be made, and he still believed so. It was the duty of the Senate to act upon these nominations as it deemed wise. He would not assume to suggest what the Senate's action should be, but its clear duty was to take some action. If he should consent to delay or make any concession, it would by implication at least, be seen that he had doubt as to the wisdom and propriety of his nomination. If he had such doubt it would be his duty to withdraw the nominations. There was no half way ground for him. He had either to stand by the nominations or withdraw them. He believed the contested nominations to be proper ones, but if the Senate in its wisdom saw otherwise it could reject them. The Committee said that the President was determined and subsequently the result of the interview was communicated to Sen. Conkling. In the interview the Robertson case was understood to be one particularly involved, but it was not singled out, the suggestion being to let the contested nominations all go over.

Conkling, upon learning the President's views, declared that, while he might have been willing for the sake of harmony to let Robertson go over, he would not now consent to any sort of a compromise; that he intends to make his fight soon, and that at any early day he will give to the country his side on this question.

It was understood, of course, among Sen. Conkling and his friends that if the President should consent to allow the Robertson case to go over until December, that would imply an agreement upon the part of the President that he would not upon an adjournment of the Senate appoint Robertson to the New York Collectorship. It was only on condition of the President's agreement to this, that Sen. Conkling would consent to postpone the fight. Now it is regarded as necessary for Sen. Conkling to make his fight this session and he is evidently preparing for it. Sven prominent Republicans endeavored to persuade him to submit to Robertson's appointment, but he insists that his party in New York command him to fight it. His friends on the Democratic side stick close to him and are working for his interest, because they consend it will help the Democracy if Robertson is rejected. A lively time is expected in caucus. The administration is confident of the confirmation of Robertson. The Democratic Senators are anxious to defeat Chandler, and this may influence some of them. It was reported last night that Sen. Hall intends making a speech soon which will represent the views of the administration and which will be stalwart Republican, but not sectional.

The Peaceful Utes.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The statements telegraphed here to the effect that war with the Ute Indians is imminent, and troops had been concentrated at certain points in order to be available on short notice, is pronounced at military headquarters to be without any foundation in fact. The latest advices from the Ute country show that the Indians are peaceful, and show no indications of a disposition to make trouble. The changes recently made in a few detachments of troops is nothing more than is usual in the early Spring of each year for sanitary purposes. Information received at the Indian office is to the same effect.

Struck Oil.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 2.—A 75 barrel oil well was struck near Wellsville, N. Y., a day or two ago, creating great excitement in that vicinity, and land in the neighborhood is selling at prices that would have been deemed fabulous last week. Other wells within a few miles of this latest one do not produce over five barrels per day. The strike caused a decline of several cents in the oil markets.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1

Office, 35 Murray St., New York

Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Recipes will be mailed FREE on application.

THE CHAMPION IMPORTED BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN.

PRICE $7.00.

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

A $20 BREECH-LOADING GUN FOR $7.00.

NEW, PERFECT, FRESH FROM THE FACTORY AND GUARANTEED IN EVERY RESPECT. EVERY ONE THOROUGHLY TESTED AT FACTORY BEFORE EXPORTATION.

Owing to the failure of the LONDON & LIVERPOOL FIRE ARMS CO., of London, England, we have secured a consignment of their celebrated sheet-steel Shot Guns THE CHAMPION, at thirty-three and one-third cents on the dollar of the actual cost of manufacture. One hundred thousand stand of these Guns have been thrown on the European and American market, only a small portion of which have come to America. These we have secured entire control of, and offer them for the purpose of introducing a first-class Breech-loading Shot Gun at a reasonable price. The country has been flooded with cheap, worthless American Fire-arms, made of inferior material imperfectly put together, and as far as reliability or accuracy are concerned perfectly useless. THE CHAMPION is new and perfect, finely finished, made of the best materials, and by improved Machinery, as shown in cuts Nos. 1 & 2, are rendered superior to any other English or American Shot Gun. They are too well-known to need extensive description, when we state that they are perfect, and warranted Genuine CHAMPIONS, that is sufficient. Every Man or Boy in this country who needs a Shot Gun should purchase one of these CHAMPIONS, as they are the biggest Bargain ever offered in America, and will never be offered again. We GUARANTEE them Shot Guns to be in every respect as represented or Money will be refunded. You cannot test this opportunity slip if you want a Shot Gun, and as a chance for speculation it is well worth your attention. You can at any time sell the Shot Gun for a great deal more than you gave for it. THE CHAMPION is a great favorite with Sportsmen on account of the rapidity and ease with which it can be loaded, and its superior Shooting qualities. That it stands unrivaled, as a first-class Fire-arm, is known by the thousands of English testimonials we have. The editor of THE ATLAS (N. Y.) says: "They are the most extraordinary bargains I ever saw. They shoot equal to my $90 Shot Gun." He has bought two. R. E. Reed, Secretary of the New York Ducking Club, says: "Your CHAMPION IMPORTED BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN is a marvel of Burgain and worth at least $20.00. Our club will purchase a number of your guns during the year." ORDER AT ONCE as our consignment is limited to ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND, and our limit is JULY 15th, 1881.

TAKE NOTICE—We will send (until

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

Home Troubles.

IX.

Sang the immortal bard of Abon:

"She is a woman therefore may be wooed,
She is a woman therefore may be won."

and mankind act upon this principle individually and collectively, making the wooing and winning of some fair girl the one object of their lives upon the success of which hangs all of their hopes of happiness—worshiping until she is won, and then too often possession seems to take away the value of the prize. If only every man could act as if they fully realized the poets next line,

"She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved."

there would be fewer shadowed homes in the length and breadth of our land.

Now we do not mean to say that a man *really* loses his love for his wife when they have launched their bark upon the matrimonial wave, but that he too often throws away all outward expression of it, and expects her to be satisfied with the knowledge that he has chosen her from all others to pass through life by his side. Unconsciously, perhaps, he grows careless in his manner; often he treats her with less consideration than he would accord to a stranger. He does not trouble himself to conceal his moods and tenses. Choosing to be a bear, he growls, but she must not growl back. The little tricks and graces which once were such a delight, have now no influence, but are met with indifference or an expression of weariness.

But this every day carelessness would be forgiven, for the majority of wives would learn to accommodate themselves to circumstances, if in those seasons of sickness and suffering which maternity brings, there was given the tenderness and sympathy that every woman then craves and which should always be her's, but which alas! are too often withheld. The following touching earnest words—an absolute wail—tells the story of what we mean. They come from a letter received a few days ago which made our heart ache with sympathy for the writer:

"Cold words and a harsh voice chill my heart and takes away all desire to try to please. And when the burden of childbearing is upon me I suffer agonies, my pen cannot describe, not physically, though really sick all the time, but *that* I could bear cheerfully and go about my household duties with a light heart if my husband would ever say, "Cheer up dear," or some kind words of sympathy or help, but that has *never* been since the first time. I have borne the burden alone, and do not feel that I dare complain. Indeed the sight of my sober, sick-looking face drives him away from me, and if I am discovered crying he is positively angry, and gets as far out of sight and hearing as possible. I try to cheer up and not appear sick or sad, but there are times when it seems as though my heart would break, yearning for a word of cheer that never comes."

Every body likes bright, happy faces better than sad and suffering ones, but when the body is racked with pain or the vitality lowered until life is hardly bearable, it is almost beyond human endurance to be cheerful with the good cheer that health gives. But the man who will be systematically cold and unloving at such seasons is a *brute*.

There are some men, however, who have invalid wives, and such are indeed to be pitied, but no more than the women themselves, who see everything valuable in life drifting away from them. Though health may have been lost by exhaustion from the duties of wife and mother, they feel themselves burdens to their husbands, their day of usefulness gone, and only misery before them to the end. If, when the breaking down comes, they meet only greater tenderness and consideration from their husbands, half has been done to restore them to vigor again. Those who are invalids from choice are few, and often all that is needed is rest and sympathy, and a consciousness of being cared for, to bring back the sunshine of health and happiness.

If men would only realize how their wives hunger and thirst for tender words, for a loving caress that shall tell them that they are loved, that the fading away of youth and mere physical beauty has not banished them from their husbands' hearts, surely, surely they would not grow so careless, cold and unloving in manner, striking thus a death blow to their own happiness as well as to that of the women they swore to love and cherish so long as life endured.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Crullers, Ho!

We would like to compare notes with the women of THE HOUSEHOLD and talk about what we all did during the doleful weather in which the deep snows kept us in doors. At our home we had a very enjoyable season. We, too, will always remember those weeks with delight. We overhauled files of choice papers, literary, agricultural and religious, and made scrap books, not the thick, uneven, doughy kind that will mould and mildew, but smooth, neat, handsome ones, very choice, that we put among our standard reading matter. Then we cut out all the good pictures to make books for the babies. Shirley, Kitty and Grace. One file of agricultural papers, semi monthly, ran back unbroken to the first number, January, 1845. Among them we found the very first article we ever wrote for the public. It never would have "passed muster" if the kind editor had not put in a few big words, such as prerogative, international, incumbent and the like. We are thankful that the day of big words has passed away, that anybody can write for the papers if he has something to say.

In preparing a lunch for one of the boys, this morning, I was reminded of my promise to tell how we made crullers. We take a pint out of the bottom of the cream jar—a creamy sour milk—2 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, a pinch of salt, and enough prepared flour to make a soft dough. No butter nor lard. We prepare our flour 25 pounds at a time, with a small can of Baking Powder, sifted through and through the flour. Then it is ready for use at a moment's notice. Fry them in good lard until a light brown. They will not absorb the lard. To test the heat of it drop in a bit of dough, taking care that it is not so hot as to prevent the crullers from puffing up to their fullest and their fullest. How they will puff! As I looked out of the dining room window from the tea table last night, I could not resist the temptation—three little striding laddies going from school with the depleted dinner basket, I'd been there many a time—the thimble finger tapped on the sill and the dear little brownies came, like snow birds at the familiar tapping on the winter window pane, and then wiggled off home with eyes as bright as stars. This morning the shy mother of them said: "They brung 'em all home, Ruzilly, great fat crullers as big as tin cups, and however in the world you did make them, I wonder."

I gave her some of the prepared flour and wrote out the recipe as above, only I said, roll thin, cut out with a round cake cutter, tumbler or tea cup, and then with a tiny cutter not much larger than a nickel cut out the center of each one.

Philander says I will get myself into trouble some time or other, offering eatables to Tom, Dick and Harry, indiscriminately; that some folks have feelins' on the subject, and then Philander spreads his hands on his diaphragm and goes off into one of his paroxysms of laughter. Any one who has ever heard my Philander laugh will never forget the fun there is in his cachinnations? I knew what that laugh meant. Long ago just after the war, a man clad in soldier blue coat and trousers was passing our house, and I said, "Oh dear, may be he's a poor soldier; I do wish I could do something for him!" and I snatched up a berry pie and ran bareheaded after him calling, "Ho man! ho man!" Out of breath I reached him and offered the pie saying, "Aren't you hungry? do take this!" "Well, well," he said, "since you've gone to so much trouble I guess I will take it! What might such a pie be with Misses?" and he drew out a pursy pocketbook and the greenbacks, crowded and cramped for room and air, came bursting out gleefully.

He had mistaken me for a peanut vender or an old pie woman, and while I drew back abashed, I said, "take it because you wear the soldier's garb. Are you not one of the poor fellows?" "Me!" he said, his eyes twinkling with mirth, "No mum, no mum, I traded some sheep pelts to Tom Hinky for the britches, and I got the coat of old man Maynard; it used to belong to his son Jack, but I'm just as much 'bliged to you, mum, as tho I'd bin a soger," and with a chuckling, hee, hee, ho! he walked off with a prancy gait, taking great crescent bites out of the pie, while I sneaked back and told Philander my adventure. He agreed never to tell, and never to laugh at me, but, frailty—thy name is—man.

And this is how I make crullers,—allowing me to tell it a la Mudlaw.

ROSELLA RICE.

Perrysville, O.

What Plants to Cultivate.

I assume that every reader of this paper is an admirer of the beautiful flowers which a loving Father has showered upon us in variety almost without number, painted them with all the beautiful tints of which none but the infinite mind could conceive, filling their dazzling cups with an odor that loads the air with an intoxicating nectar. Who are you that cannot appreciate the Heavenborn messenger of peace and purity? Pity the soul that has no dwelling place for such companions.

I would then say, surround your home with beautiful plants, they bear acquaintance well and become more interesting as your companionship progresses. To effect all this your selection need not be very expensive as a glance at one of the many catalogues of the Florists will at once indicate, its proprietor sending them to your very door for a trifle of what they were a few years ago.

Select, then, for a gorgeous show of bloom a few varieties of the beautiful Zonal Geraniums, both single and double flowering Verbenas, Heliotropes, Petunias, Salvias, etc. For a more artistic show choose a couple of varieties of Fuchsias and flowering Begonias. Of foliage plants for ornament, the Coleus, Rex Begonias, Cannas, Ricinus, and the Caladium esculentum are not surpassed in producing a tropical effect when properly massed in a door yard or lawn. An attractive bed of these may be formed by first planting for a background a row of Ricinus, then a row of Cannas, leaving a space of two and a half feet between for the Caladium esculentum. The next row may be of dark or velvet Coleus, another of light or golden Coleus, finishing with a row of Centarea Marritima. This forms a very attractive bed on the lawn even when viewed from a distance. In front of this, but not too close, you will want a bed of the queen of flowers, the Rose. They should be of the ever blooming class, as they with good soil and culture make a grand show of sweet scented buds from early in the Summer until late in the Fall. If you are not acquainted with the varieties you had better let the florist select them, as he will, nine cases out of ten, send you a better selection of varieties and colors than you could make yourself. Many persons are debarred from the privilege of having as many flowers as they wish, owing to the cost. This can be greatly reduced by growing a portion of the plants at home from seeds. This is notably the case with the Verbena. Every one does not know how easily this beautiful flower is grown from seed, nor how much better seedling plants are than some of the plants sold by dealers. Neither is it generally known that seedling Verbenas are almost always very fragrant. They do not come true from seed, but where a massed bed is all that is wanted, they do as well as the named flowers. Sow the seed early in the Spring in the house or hot bed or it may be sown in the open ground any time in the Spring, as the seeds and plants are quite hardy. The seeds do not come up very evenly. Some of them will be large enough to set out before others are through the ground. You should not disturb the soil after the seed is sown. I have a bed of Verbenas every year, but never had finer flowers or a greater variety of colors than last season. Some were pure white, and one was so near black that I called it "Sambo." It was so dark that it fairly glistened in the sun. I have more seed—or little sticks as my children call them—than I wish to plant myself, and to all flower loving friends who send me two three cent stamps, I will give enough to plant a large bed. In a future article I will tell you about Summer flowering bulbs, their selection, culture etc. PALMROSE.

Ainsworth, Iowa.

Point Lace.

The term "point lace" is simply a translation into French of the English word "stitch," and implies lace made with the needle. In old point the work is entirely done with the needle, and nearly all with the button-hole stitch, of which there are many variations. In modern point a woven braid called "point lace braid" is used that greatly shortens the labor, and does not, in any sense, detract from its delicate beauty. This should be of finest linen, but American manufacturers use cotton, and sometimes a mixture of cotton and linen. The best linen braids are imported from France and Germany.

The first thing to be procured is the pattern. These are printed on a stiff muslin or linen foundation, or drawn on transparent tracing linen, or paper cambric. The design is followed by the braid, which is basted firmly to the pattern, being folded neatly at the corners, and "whipped over" to gather in the fullness on the inside of all the covers. Rosettes and star shaped flowers, and beautiful wreaths of leaves and flowers, are made with a newly invented braid called "Honiton," which consists of a series of oval medallions connected by a short cord. The edge is finished by a woven purling, or an ornamental picot edge, made with a button-hole stitch. Point de Bruxelles is the first real lace stitch to be learned, and is the easiest "filling in" stitch that is used to connect the braids. To make this, commence at the left hand, and insert the needle in one of the perforations on the edge of the braid and make a loose button-hole stitch, drawing up the thread just far enough to have a mesh of the desired size. Make a row of these meshes, inserting the needle in each alternate perforation. Commence at the right and work another row towards the left, inserting the needle in each of the first rows of meshes, throwing the loop towards the right. Continue in this way until the space is filled, increasing and diminishing the number of stitches to fit the space to be filled. This can be made quite open to form a net groundwork, between the braids or very close, forming a clothlike fabric, or in patterns of diamond or pyramid form. In fact a fully of ingenuity can devise many combinations and variations of this stitch.

The next stitch to be learned is Point de Sorrento, and this is made by taking two or three stitches in each mesh, drawing up the thread so as to form a close dot. This makes a showy pattern for any space, except an oval or circular shape. Wheels, Rosettes and Point de Venice will be given in another article to be used for these spaces.

Nothing can be more lady like than the delicate bit of cob-web which enchants the maker and the beholder, as it silently grows, stitch by stitch, and gives such a charming exhibition of the taste and refinement of the maker.

So fascinated and enthusiastic does she become over her delicate patterns that every leaf and flower, figure or design is examined artistically, as an object that may be produced in lace. All the other points, of which there are many varieties, as Old Point, Venetian Point, Limoges Point, Point Lacet, etc., are made with these button-hole stitches, and they are the foundation stitches of all hand-wrought lace. I will send a few of these stitches, free, to those who desire to make their own lace, on receipt of a stamped envelope addressed to the lady making the request, and answer any inquiries in relation to lace-making. I am sure that no lady will regret learning the art, as these laces are much more beautiful than machine imitations, and will laundry nicely and wear many years, being a constant evidence of the taste and skill of the maker. MRS. L. RANSOM.

Randall Road, Niagara Co., N. Y.

With a View to Matrimony.

I wish to say a few words against the advertising for "correspondence with a view to matrimony" by some of your western correspondents. I am sorry that so good a paper as the BLADE should in any way countenance such a flagrant wrong, for there are many young, inexperienced, sentimental girls, who may be induced by these glowing pictures of western life, or the fear of being old maids, to answer these Western wife hunters. I know it is possible that a marriage brought about in this way may result happily, but while there is one young lady that enters into such a correspondence and comes out unharmed, there is only humiliation and disappointment for others, or worse still, a miserable marriage. In my opinion, these Western bachelors who stand in such perishing need of wives and who paint such a picture of the scarcity of girls in the West, are the kind of men for whom wives would always be scarce, no matter where they might live.

I was conversing not long since with a young man, a homesteader in a far Western State, and he assured me that if young ladies were not very abundant in the West there are a goodly number of both good and attractive girls, quite enough to go around, for the honest and industrious young men, and that such young man would have no great difficulty in finding a wife without advertising for one either, and this describing these Western bachelors as all "honest, industrious and well able to support wives," is rather too thin. No man of good sense and judgment will wish to take a wife into the very remote Western State, to endure the sufferings and privations of such a life. A life in the far West is not all sunshine, even when shared with those you love and trust, as many a weary home sick woman could testify. I know one fair young life that went out in its early Spring time because her husband thirsted for the gold that lay beyond the borders of civilization.

No girls, don't answer any of those Western bachelors. A man who is willing to take a wife with no better acquaintance than that obtained by letter, and the woman who is willing to marry in that way, seems to me to be of the class for whom it is, "anybody, dear Lord." Far better be old maids, if need be, and stay in your Eastern homes, where at least you can always find employment, and earn an honest living, than run such a risk. In these days, when there is constantly opening new avenues of employment for women, there is no need for any woman to resort to the miserable subterfuge of marrying for a home, and why will women persist in acting, as if the very name of old maid were a disgrace. Said a sweet little useless doll of a woman, who had wrecked her life by one impudent marriage, and was contemplating another; "if I knew that papa and mamma would live as long as I do to take care of me I could never be induced to marry again, but after awhile they will be gone and then what will become of me?" And so she folded her little hands, and sat down to wait for some man to come along to take care of her, and there are many just such women.

Girls, be brave and self-reliant enough to stand alone. Train yourselves for some useful employment, and then if the true prince never comes, you need not marry for a home, or to escape being a burden upon parents and friends.

A wife and mother has her field of usefulness. Far be it from me to disparage her duties. The woman who has no home ties has hers. Both are equally worthy. It may be said that many women have not the physical strength necessary to enable them to earn their own living, but certainly if a woman's health is such that she can not, at least partially, maintain herself, she is not in a fit state to marry, for of all the relations of life, in the marriage relation, good health on both sides is the most essential to the happiness of the parties.

I should like to ask our good editress if she thinks that even true, earnest love alone can make a happy marriage. I think that two people may really love each other, and yet, owing to difference in tastes or temperament, not be happy together. JESSIE LEE.

A "true, earnest, mutual love" such as we believe to be necessary to constitute a happy marriage presupposes a congeniality of tastes that will render the two made one interested, each in the pursuit of the other. A warm affection may exist where temperaments are such as to cause a continual jar, but that is not love. It is right here where so many mistakes are made. Fascination, preference, passion are mistaken for that deep, enduring, never-wearying love that only can hallow a life long union. While contentment may exist without this, with it we do not believe unhappiness possible except what comes from misfortune or death and their influence would be rather productive of sorrow than aught else.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Does Not Accept It.

When "Pearl" said, some time ago, that "woman's great attraction in the eyes of the sterner sex is her clinging dependence on man," it seemed to me that she underrated the good taste of men in general. We hesitate to accept the assertion, it being anything but complimentary to men of brains. The natural tendency of California thought is toward liberalism. Our laws are established on eclectic principles, though preconceived opinions cling to some extent, yet the shackles hang loosely, and are fast wearing away. Here are men too liberal-minded to follow in the dogmatical rute of prejudice and wrong educational bias, and such appreciate self-reliant, independent, sensible women strong in their affections, strong in resistive power against evil. Bossy, domineering women are a perpetual offense, but are they not found as often among those who parade their doubtful submission? A wife who continually looks to her husband for mental support, is generally hard to please, exacting, and selfish. Clinging women seldom make capable, efficient wives and mothers; like tender plants, they wither beneath the scorching rays of adversity, bend like a tender reed before every blast that blows. When the matrimonial bark is launched upon the ocean of life, while yet the sea is calm and every sail floats free in undisturbed felicity, a pretty faced white-livered wife is all very nice, but let head winds set in as they generally do, waves roll mountain high, skies grow dark and the earth darker, instead of braving the storm beside her husband, keeping back the terrors of her own heart, with cheering hope, she lays mourning and comfortless in a heap somewhere, his dead weight helpmeet is waiting for her husband to hold the camphor bottle under her nose.

It is not true that women more than men lose their influence for good, when occupying high positions, or that she by contact with the world neglects her self. The very idea is monstrous and a deformity fit only to inhabit brains of pathetic simpletons.

The influence of a gifted noble woman is beneficial to all who come within her radiance. A light placed upon a mountain shines farther than when hid in a valley. Queen Victoria has proved to the world what woman may do. Forty three years she has presided at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, and that too with almost unprecedented success. To her salary of a thousand dollars a day, is added a princely fortune in her own right, over all of which she has sole control. Mathew Hale Smith says of her "she is one of the best business women of all Great Britain," discharges her public duties with credit, personally attends to her domestic affairs, and finds time to visit the sick one day in a week, is an able writer and reader of general news, and besides all these demands upon her time, is noted for her loving devotion as a wife and mother. This gifted woman though living almost continually in public life, is just as full of womanly virtues as one can possibly be, yet she is every inch a Queen. SPAULDING.

Butte County, Cal.

Oh, Where are the Loved Ones?

Oh, sadly my heart asks, where now are the loved ones,
Who lingered beside us in days that have flown,
Whose sweet, gentle presence had power to shed o'er us
The light of some heavenborn joy of their own?
Their voices are silent, their beauty has vanished,
And a loneliness fraught with the shadow of gloom,
Pervades the loved scenes where their once smiling presence
Was hailed with delight in the early Spring bloom.

They are gone, and in silence we gather our treasures,
The few scattered relics of love that remain,
Each sacred memento we carefully cherish,
But alas, in our anguish, such comfort is vain.
Still softly and faintly, like incense ascending
From the fire of the censer, at some devotee's shrine,
The magical power of fond memory stealing,
Reveals to us visions of beauty divine.

Again the old charm of their presence comes o'er us,
As when their hearts beat in response to our own
Their voices still echo like music around us,
And in fancy we live over times that have flown.
But sweeter beyond all the pleasures of memory
Is the beautiful promise that He will restore,
And the joy of our meeting again with the loved ones
Who are waiting to greet us on God's happy shore.

St. Peter, Minn. MRS. H. HAYES.

The True Remedy for Home Troubles.

I have been much interested in the editor's home letters. They are so truthful, cheery and helpful; still, I feel that those who are subjected to the perplexities and annoyances peculiar to domestic life, require a sustaining influence drawn from a higher source than human philosophy can offer. Those troubled, discontented ones, need help and comfort from above. God is a God of all comfort; and it is only his sovereign grace that can enable them to patiently bear the cares and worries of every day life, and to walk bravely and hopefully in the path that lies before them. I am not talking in theories. I have had a large share of sickness, disappointments and trouble, so that I know from experience that His grace is sufficient for all these things.

Weary, worn out woman, my message to you is this: Live in daily and hourly communion with your Heavenly Father. Start out in the morning with a prayer to Him for strength, wisdom and patience; at mid day run away from everything for a few minutes' meditation. I read my Bible while I rock my baby to sleep. I am a busy woman, so are you. I think the afternoon the most trying part of the day. One is apt to be tired, and the children are usually troublesome. In the evening lay your burden where it belongs—at His feet. He has promised to help all those who trust in Him, and God cannot lie. There is no other way to find peace and happiness. There is no other source from which it can be drawn.

The path in which God leads his children
May seem stormy and rugged and wild,
But knowest thou not, soul, that no other
Could make there so fully his child?

And when in eternity's sunshine
Thou seest the days of thy life,
Then, then thou shalt know all the reason
Of this weeping and watching and strife.

And the hours which to thee here looked darkest,
Most filled with distrust and unrest,
In the eyes of God and the angels
May seem purest and brightest and best.

BLANCHE LESLIE.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Bertie," Rigdon, Grant Co., Ind., writes in regard to "Reading" and "Teaching:"

"Not how *much* we read, but *what* and how we read, seems to me to be the leading thought. Of all reading, I think these cheap, trashy and unpolished novels the poorest. It is really surprising that so many will subscribe for and read such magazines year after year. If they would only save what is spent for these, they might soon get a number of good books suited for a library. Such books as tend to edify are what should be selected for most.

"I have just closed a very successful term of school, and although I am free from school duties, I would gladly enter that school room again—dingy, and dusty, and old as it is—and stay there all through another term. Here the parents seem very indifferent about the schools. Scarcely any of them ever visit them until the last day, and many not even then. If they would only visit us, I am sure they would help both teacher and pupils. Without interest on the part of parents, no teacher can succeed so well. Will some one please tell how they prevent tardiness and whispering in their schools?

Mrs. I. D. B., of Anderson, Ind., says:

"I feel a great interest in the women of Utah and think something ought to be done to arouse an interest in that direction; something that would remove this terrible evil. 'Polygamy,' that is in our midst. Would that every American citizen could be aroused to the realization of the enormity of this terrible institution, an institution that ere long will curse our Nation worse (if anything can be worse,) than did slavery. I think it is dreadful to think a polygamist should be allowed a seat in Congress. I hope the day is not far distant when polygamy and Mormanism will be numbered among the things of the past."

"Teatotal" urges her cause by the following recital which, however, we trust she will excuse us for saying we believe to be slightly exaggerated by the traveler:

"All over the land there is more or less excitement over the 'Chinee man's' tea, they send to America for us poor mortals to pour down our throats, yet they themselves will not take a drop of of the precious beverage, saying, "tis no good." A few months ago one of the natives in California was urged to tell why it was 'no good,' so on condition that they would not expose him, he told them: 'The Chinese believe if when they die they are buried in China they will be saved, therefore when one of their number dies here, if they are wealthy they pack the body in tea and send it over the waters for burial, then the tea must not be wasted, so it is again packed in tea chests and sent back to this country for us to consume. But worst of all is the manner in which they pack it, standing in it with their great, dirty, bare feet, and their bodies destitute of clothing working in the heat of the sun, the perspiration pouring off them and dripping in the tea, oftentimes great sores nearly all over their bodies.' This is what a traveler witnessed, and thought it would make a 'dainty dish' for all who were so fond of their nice fragrant cup of tea."

L. M. D., writes:

"When two nations cannot agree the only remedy is war. Also when husband and wife cannot agree and it is necessary that one or the other must 'give up,' the only remedy is a divorce or separation provided we admit that each have equal authority. The old Bible doctrine is that the man is the head of the family. 'He shall rule over thee,' means that the husband is the highest authority in family government, and it has no reference to political questions. I believe in the right of women to vote chiefly because by this means many great evils (notably intemperance) may be abated. This belief will never tempt me to sneer at the Bible. The Bible has been woman's greatest friend and helper. Man has already departed from true progress so far that divorces are too frequent; and if he takes one step further and says there must be two heads of the family each of equal authority, the way is open for divorces without number. Not only so; but the very existence of the home and family circle is threatened. Let us have woman suffrage but no more sneering at the Bible and truth."

Mrs. McSmith, Newburg, Ark., writes:

"We had a very severe Winter down here; but now the wister is past and the snow is over, (I reckon.) Spring is here now and everything seems full of life. I can hear the wild turkey, and all kinds of birds. The orchards which seemed to be dead have bloomed, and the prospect for fruit is good. Now I have been thinking while looking out upon the beauties of Spring, and listening to the sweet songs of the many birds, if everybody were happy and contented as myself—but a voice sweet but sad, responded No! Women will not be satisfied till they get their rights (?) If I could see 'Independence,' I would give her a hearty shake of the hand. I know she is a woman, for no man could write the article she has written.

'Big Bee." Collins, Ind., says:

"My advice to the girls is never marry for a home. Do not degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Do not sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions; without it the ceremony is a base fraud. Marry for love, or not at all. If fortune throws not in your way the man of your choice, it is better to be an old maid. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and single blessedness is greatly superior in point of happiness to wedded life without love."

"Hoosier" writes thus to a "Distressed Husband":

"No man should allow a woman to lead him around by the nose. Stand up for your rights, but be pleasant and obliging. Allow unto others as many privileges as you demand for yourself. If you provide properly for your house you certainly have a right to expect your wife to prepare your meals for you at the proper time. If there has been a time that you lived agreeably with your wife, recall those days, and try to learn the cause of such estrangement." Remember the Golden Rule, and if others forget it, remind them of it."

"Aunt Isola" Sylvia, Ind., says earnestly:

"I have anxiously looked over each column of THE HOUSEHOLD for the response which I thought certainly would emenate from the pen of some kind hearted sister, to Mary Stockwell of Montana Ter., who says her three little daughters have gone without shoes all Winter, and who speaks in regard to garden seeds, etc. Has she been supplied with seed? Will some one answer? And further let us promise with God's help that those little feet shall not go bare next Winter. I have been sick or perhaps should not have held my tongue so long."

"Hopeful," Kalkaska, Mich., writes:

"That article about the women washing did me ever so much good. When struggling to keep one's head above water, it is cheering to know that others are fighting the same battles, and some have come off conquerors. Robert Collyer has it just right, when he says, 'Sooner or later we reach hard pan,' that is, do those things which they can do best. I think half of the ills of life come from being discontented with our lot, wishing to do something else that does not seem so hard. If each one did the best they could in the position the Lord placed them, this would be a different world.

I could tell of a woman who, left alone in the world without anything to help herself with, went to work in a family until she had enough to get her a nice little home, which she is fitting up so that she can pass her declining days in it.

I would like very much the address of the lady who told about polishing shirts."

We will take the liberty of giving the address asked for without permission, as several others have sent for it: It is Miss Inez E. Stevenson, Monroe, Mich.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"Bluebell" Inglefield, Ind. says:

"Turpentine given in the food will cure chicken cholera. Some time back one of THE HOUSEHOLD said he could give a recipe for keeping off chicken hawks. Why not give it to THE HOUSEHOLD in general for I have reason to believe more of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD raise chickens and would like to know it?"

"A Texas Blonde" writes to G. A. G. of Muncie, Ill., as follow:

"I don't agree with you in regard to the Bible's depreciating woman and woman's place in the world. It is the only book that really has a tendency to elevate woman. Other books help to refine and cultivate but they owe their good influence to the Bible. The very fact that "G. A. G." had a civilized father and mother, the very fact that he is able to write an intelligent article for THE HOUSEHOLD is due to the influence of the Bible in our country. The very reason why science and art flourish, the very reason why the world does make advancements is due to the Bible.

NOW, I ask "G. A. G." some questions.

First—Please tell us of any nation or tribe, outside of the Bible influence, that exists now or has existed under the laws and customs of which woman was free?

Second—Of any nation, outside of Bible influence, in which woman is looked upon as man's equal?

Third—Of any nation outside of Bible influences, where women are not bought and sold as slaves, or as inmates of the harem or as prostitutes? Pardon my plainness of speech; your speech is plain."

"Kate," whose address is Box 41, East Lynn, Ill., asks:

"I come to the HOUSEHOLD begging. Could some one send me some Oleander roots? They are great favorites of mine. I would also very much like a vine or two for my portico—something hardy and a free blossomer would be preferable. I have a Virginia creeper, but don't like it, for it is always covered with an ugly worm. I lost all of my house plants this Winter. Can any one tell me what will cure tetter? I've been afflicted for years with it on my hands, and suffer so much; have tried several physicians, but they have done me no good."

Inquiries.

Will some one please let me know where I can get the songs entitled "Cumberland Crew," "James Bird" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," with or without the music?—MRS. E. TUBMAN, Hammond, St. Croix Co., Wis.

Will some one of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD give some recipes for making pastable puddings and cakes without milk and eggs?—MRS. A. MCGARREW, Gothic, Colorado.

Will some one of the many contributors of the BLADE please give instructions for making a good penwiper?—JOSEY BAIRD, South Bend, Ind.

Will some one acquainted with the culture of the Camellia Japonica tell me at what age and under what conditions one may expect blossoms? I have a thrifty, growing plant, 12 inches in height—a nicely rooted cutting when I received it, one year ago. The plant from which it was taken was three years old, large and thrifty, but had never blossomed. Recently I have been told they do not blossom unless grafted, but from what I have seen in Floral Guides I cannot think the statement true.—H. B. F., Essex, Ia.

What is the language of the Azalea, and what is the best book of the language of flowers?

The language of the "Azalea" is "Temperance." A full list of meanings of both flowers and gems is given in "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book" just published.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one please send directions for knitting "Oak leaf edging;" also, edging with fringe, for lambrequins, and oblige—LITTLE BRIDGET.

Will some of the wise members of THE HOUSEHOLD tell us about putting down carpets, which is better, with or without straw under them?—PIONEER, Kans.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me where the fasting Dr. Tanner's book, can be obtained and at what price?—M. H.

We have endeavored to ascertain whether there was such a book, but have been unable to find any one who knew of the volume.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Please tell us what will take mildew out of muslin, and very much oblige a number of anxious inquirers.—MRS. M. SNOW.

Dr. Carlin gives the following in his Recipe Book:

Obtain the dryest of chloride of lime that can be bought and dissolve 4 tablespoonfuls in ½ pt. of water. Let the mildewed article lie 15 mins. in this solution. Then take it out, wring it gently and put it immediately into weak muriatic acid 1 part of the acid to 4 parts soft water. For delicate fabrics, laces, muslins, etc., the chloride of lime should be diluted by the addition of three or four times the measure of water. Let the article lie in it 5 minutes only before putting it into the acid. Another good way which he recommends is to take 2 tablespoonfuls of soft soap and the juice of a lemon. Lay it on both sides with a brush, let it lie in the sun for a day or so until the spots disappear.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one tell me how to color light gray poplin navy blue? What kind of collars do little boys of three or four years wear? Do they still wear the lay-down embroidery collars that they have worn for the last two or three years? I mean little boys still in dresses.—MRS. H. K. W.

I come this morning to ask your aid in behalf of the newly settled Counties of Nebraska. Many of them are without seeds of any kind and unable to buy. If we could send them seed this Spring until the 15th of May, any kind we have to spare by mail, it will enable them to live on their farms and provide for themselves. If you have no friends or acquaintances to send to, send them to Naman McCaslin, Beaver City, Furnas Co., Nebraska, and they will be distributed where needed.—EVA.

Answers to Inquiries.

I saw some time ago, an inquiry for knitting wristlets, and as I have seen no reply, I send my directions. They are very pretty: Cast 28 stitches on each needle (84 in all.) Seam 1, slip and bind 1, knit 4 plain, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 4 plain, narrow.—LITTLE BRIDGET.

Suspender stitch: Cast on an even number of stitches; bring the yarn forward and slip 1, knit 1 clear through, always bringing the yarn forward before slipping 1. Now you have a loop across every slipped stitch, which must be knit together as one stitch, slipping on one side the stitch that was knit on the other.—H. M. BRITTAIN, Half Rock, Mo.

I sent a request for the poem entitled "Nelly Gray." I have received several copies and also received a request for "The Red, White and Blue;" also for "Lillie Dale." I have neither one, so I cannot send them.—MARY LITTLE, Eskridge, Wabaunsee County, Kan.

Mollie, if you take a piece of light bread dough that will make a small loaf of bread, break 2 eggs in it, a coffee cup of sugar, a piece of lard the size of an egg and a little nutmeg, you will have nice rusks. After the dough becomes light mold out and bake.—L. M. RENIS, Mexico, Mo.

If "B" will get catechu and bichromate of potash in the proportion of 15 cents worth of potash for 25 cents worth of catechu, and dissolve the catechu in water which will take about two days, then add this to water enough to cover her goods, and boil the goods in it one-half hour, then wash in suds and dip in the potash, also dissolve and boil 15 minutes, then dip in suds again and dry. I know she will have a brown that will not fade. The stronger the potash water the darker the brown. Cannot tell how much she will have to get unless I know how much goods she has.—VIVIAN ELTON.

Would you please, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, tell "Thomasina," who inquired some time ago for braiding patterns or stamping, if she will address me with stamp, I will give her all the information wanted.—MISS ANNIE E. FREEMAN, Clymer, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

Recipes.

CURRANT BREAD.

Take about half a milk crock of good light sponge, 2 teacups or currants and 2 of raisins, 1 teacup of sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 teacup of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds (or you could leave out the seeds, but I think it is better with them in) and a teaspooaful of saleratus. This will make four loaves.—MRS. ELLA A. BURRILL, Chebause, Ill.

POP CORN BALLS.

To one gallon of popped corn take ½ tea cup of sugar and boil down to candy, then pour it over the corn and stir it up, then make into balls to suit convenience.—KANSAS BLONDE, Chetopa, Kan.

FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE.

Three cups of dried apples, soaked over night. In the morning drain off the water, then add 2 cups of molasses, let them boil till they have absorbed all the molasses, then let it get cold; 1½ cups of butter, 1 cup of sugar, 4½ cups of flour, 1 cup of milk, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Spice to suit the taste.—MRS. H. R. W.

SUET PUDDING.

1 teacup of suet chopped fine; 1 teacup of dark sugar; 1 teacup of molasses; 1 teacup of sour milk; ½ teacup of raisins; 1 teacup of currants; ½ teacup of citron; flour to make it about as stiff as you can stir; bake it a good while in a moderately hot oven. This will keep good for weeks. When you want to use it slice it off and steam it. I make a sauce for it as follows: 1 cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, a piece of butter about as big as half an egg. Thicken with corn starch; three spoonfuls will make it thick enough. Flavor it with lemon, or whatever you choose. I should have said that you want a teaspoonful of cinnamon, cloves and saleratus in the pudding.—AUNT PATSY.

Exchanges Wanted.

A switch, dark brown; medium stem; 3½ ozs. in weight; 20 ins. in length; 3 strands; made of my own hair and never worn. It can be used in a coil, coronet, or chatelaine. Wanted in exchange a good woolen shawl. Will confer first. Address ROSELLA RICE, Perryville, O.

A NUMBER of letters have reached us inquiring where the heel protectors spoken of in a recent "Home Letter" could be purchased. As the BLADE has no room for free advertising, the best we can do for such persons is to advise them to ask the merchant wherever they do their trading to procure them. He can easily ascertain where they can be purchased if he does not care to buy them to keep in his stock. Otherwise write yourselves to the large Ladies' Furnishing stores in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis and you will have no trouble. Such houses always advertise, so that any leading paper in those Cities will give the names of the proprietors. Many of them send out catalogs which can be had by sending a postal request for one, and in them almost everything of convenience or ornament on sale for women or children will be found with prices attached and directions how to order anything needed. We know from personal experience that very satisfactory purchases can be made in this way. Articles recommended in the "Home Letters" can usually be thus obtained with little trouble.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Our Young Folks.

THE MOTHER APPLE BLOSSOM.

BY CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

Of all the joys of happy Spring,
I dearly love the sight
Of apple-boughs all set about
With knots of pink and white.

The mother-blossom in the midst,
With baby-buds around—
I hear the lullabies she sings
In breaths of fragrant sound.

She tells them apple-stories too,
Which happened long ago:
The fateful apple Eden grew,
The fruit of sin and woe;

Of Venus' golden app'e; and
Of the apple-trees
Beside the Dead Sea; and of those
In famed Hesperides;

Of her old English ancestors
Crossing the ocean foam,
Brought in the Mayflower—she had heard
To cheer the Pilgrims' home;

Staunch as the Puritans were they,
And lasting was their fame;
An island lay in Boston bay
Still blossoming with their name.

"Ere long," she said, "your little gowns
Loosen and float away—
Fear not! the apple spirit still
Abides through night and day.

"And I shall be an apple first,
That you may grow aright—
I'll show you how to tint your cheeks,
And mellow in the light.

"An apple may as dainty taste,
And show a cheek of tan;
Yet spare no trouble, dears, to be
The sweetest that you can."

—*Wide Awake.*

"THE TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN."

BY HELEN P. JENKINS.

I am going to tell you, Young People, something about a once famous body of men called the Janissaries. You may pronounce the word as if spelled Yanissaries.

A few h

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Geraniums.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Geraniums are valuable for their foliage as well as their flowers. There are now many classes or sections.

The Zonale Section furnishes us with beautiful flowers and foliage. The leaves of some are banded by a dark, and others by a light zone, and some are plain green. They present a wide range of color, and few flowers are more valuable for forming bouquets.

The Golden Bronze Section is admirable for bedding purposes, growing vigorously, and assuming their brightest color during the heat of Summer. They not only have attractive foliage, but the beauty and variety of their flowers add additional value to them.

Silver leaved—These contrast finely with the common zonale and bronze varieties, and are indispensable in window gardens, as they, in a measure, take the place of flowers.

Ivy leaved geraniums are a class of climbing or trailing geraniums, blooming during Spring and Summer, flowers varying from dark to pink.

Their rich, wax-like foliage alone is ornamental, but they have also beautiful single and double flowers, which makes them very desirable.

Potatos Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Can you or any of the readers of your paper inform me where I can procure some pure Western Red potatos? and oblige,

W. CLARK.

Sheridan, Mich., April 9, 1881.

Curing Grease Heel.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will some one please inform me through the BLADE what will cure the disease commonly known among horses as grease heel.—J. D., Rockbridge, Ill., April 14.

Suggestions of and for the Season.

No farmer needs to be told that this is a month in which work presses, but many of our readers will find this year that a large share of the work of two months is crowded into one. Over several of the Western States the late and lingering snows have delayed work disastrously, and the ground has not been fit for the plow until long after the usual time. In a season so *unseasonable* as this, in such localities, careful laying out of the work is more than ever necessary. Fortunate are those who prepared the land for Spring wheat last Fall. In many cases farmers may be compelled to let this crop go by, and give more attention to corn. Early sowing is on many accounts desirable, yet good crops have been made in New York State when the sowing was not done until May 20th. Oats rarely do well unless sown very early. The crop may be much improved by care in preparing the seed. Pass it through a fanning mill to blow out all the light, imperfect seed.

Corn planting will be the leading work throughout a broad area. It is a matter of common remark with those who observe the weather, that, take one year with another, the 1st of June will find vegetation about equally advanced, no matter how backward the early part of the season may have been. Corn-land is to be put in readiness as soon as may be, but the seed must not be planted until the soil is warm, and the grain will start into vigorous growth at once. There is often serious loss from planting too early; the grain remains dormant, or rots in the ground. It is often the case that a field planted in April will, in June, be far behind one planted two weeks later. The old rule is: "a sod for corn;" one cannot always follow this; besides in many cases grass land is too valuable as such to be plowed up for another crop. The American farmer is learning that meadows and pastures furnish the most valuable of crops. Corn does admirably on stubble land; the extensive experiments reported to by Prof. Atwater and others, show that it does not matter what the preceding crop has been, so long as the soil is in good tilth, and abundantly supplied with the food elements which the corn plant requires. There is as much difference of opinion as ever, as to whether it is preferable to plant in hill or in drills. Corn can be kept free from weeds with greater ease when planted in hills, as the cultivator or horse-hoe may be run in two directions, and thus leave a much smaller part of the work for the hand-hoe. There is the advantage in drills that the plants are more evenly distributed over the ground, each stalk has more immediate room to itself. A larger crop can be grown with the corn in drills, but it is claimed that, in most cases, this is more than offset by the increased labor in tending it, especially if the land is weedy. The importance of selecting seed corn has been so strongly set forth at the proper season, that it is presumed that this first step towards a successful crop was taken in time. If one has a variety that he has improved by careful selection through several years, he should be slow to change it for a new kind, though we would by no means discourage the testing of new varieties of promise.

The root crop increases in importance, and a greater acreage is devoted to it each year, and it must advance in favor as the country becomes older, and our methods are forced to adapt themselves to the change in our condition. Roots do best in a loose friable soil with a gravelly subsoil. They require deep culture, and the soil should be plowed to at least 10 inches. If the soil is not rich, give a good supply of well rotted manure; bone dust, guano, or superphosphate, at the rate of 300 to 500 pounds per acre, may be applied with profit. All such concentrated manures should be sown on the surface, and harrowed in, or otherwise thoroughly mixed with the soil. Mangel wurzels are the most important root crop. They should be sown by the middle of the month. After mangels come sugar-beets and blood beets, which may be seen early in June, but do the best, usually, when put in the ground the last of May. The leading varieties of yellow fleshed mangels are: Webb's Yellow Globe, Yellow fleshed Tankard, and the Long Yellow. The red varieties are less solid. With the fodder crops sown in April, and the corn and roots in May, there is little of the farm land unoccupied. A small portion may be devoted with profit to fodder corn for June, July or August, after the early rye and clover.

A top dressing of fine barn-yard manure, or artificial fertilizer applied to the grass land, either pasture or mesdow, will often give new life to the grass, and return the expense many fold. Plaster often produces excellent results upon young clover fields. Thus applied, it will help increase the crop to be plowed in as a green manure. One to eight bushels per acre may be sown broadcast, and this should be done as early as possible this month. Do not let the animals go to pasture until the ground is settled and firm.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Turnips and Pea Meal for Fattening.

E. W. S., writes to the *Country Gentleman* on this subject:

"Young Farmer" asks the proper proportion of hay, turnips and pea meal in feeding two year old steers weighing 1,200 pounds each. He is feeding one and a fourth bushels of turnips, seven pounds of pea meal mixed with turnips and chaff, and good hay unlimited.

Our young farmer must have a pretty good system of feeding to raise two year olds that weight 1,200 pounds. His combination of food is also good feeding nitrogenous pea meal with carbonaceous turnips, supplemented with good hay. There may be may proportions of these contained in a ration, but the best proportion is that which will give the right proportion of albuminoids and carbonydrates at the least cost. Let us try to state the young farmer's ration:

	Dry matter.	Digestible. Albuminoides.	Carbohydrates.	Fat.
62.50 lbs. Turnips.	5.01	0 69	3 81	0.06
7.00 lbs. Pea meal	5.86	1 41	3.80	0 12
18.00 lbs. good hay	15.30	1.33	7.50	0 21
	26.16	3 43	15 11	0 39
Stand. for 1200 lbs.	31 20	3.60	17.70	0 84

I have taken his turnips to be common turnips, not Swedes. It will be instructive to carefully examine this ration. Sixty two and a half pounds of turnips furnish less than half of the albuminoids, just half as much fat, and the same amount of carbohydrates as seven pounds of pea meal. If we figure the value of the turnips on the German standard of value, we find the 62½ pounds are worth 6 8 cents, and the seven pounds of pea meal just 10 cents. Now, pea meal can be bought in Canada for one cent per pound or less, but 62½ pounds of turnips probably cannot be bought for 6.8 cents; this would be about $2 per short ton. It is always necessary to correct our judgment of value by the amount of dry matter in different foods, as well as to examine the quality of the matter. It is very plain to see that seven pounds of pea meal contain more value in food than the 62½ of turnips. If an acre of peas yield 20 bushels, this would be equal in food value to about 12 bushels of turnips, but the labor would be less than in the production of the turnips. Forty bushels of Indian corn is equal in food value to a fair crop of turnips. Rutabagas or Swedes are worth per ton about 30 cents more than the common turnips. It will be seen that the above supposed ration of Young Farmer is not up to the German standard for 1,200 pound steers. Swedes would have brought it nearer the standard, raising the albuminoids to 3.56 pounds, giving 16.92 pounds carbohydrates, or slightly above, but the fat would still be less than half the standard. If pea meal and Swedes were fed, then 40 pounds of Swedes, 10 pounds pea meal, and 18 pounds of good hay would make a successful ration, although somewhat deficient in fat.

Every part of this ration is deficient in fat, and it thus becomes difficult to reach the standard in that. A better ration for fattening would be 40 pounds Swedes, 6 pounds pea meal, 6 pounds corn meal, and 15 to 18 pounds of hay. The great advantage of turnips consists in their succulent condition and the pectic acid they contain which assists in digestion of other food. In fattening cattle the grain food given is usually heating, and so constipating, and turnips are cooling and laxative, counteracting the ill effect of the grain. But 50 pounds of turnips is as much as may be fed profitably, for, as we have seen, peas and corn are both cheaper food.

How to Increase Vegetable Matter in the Soil.

The amount of vegetable matter in the soil may be increased by various methods; one is, by large applications of barn-yard manure, say 50 cords to the acre. But this would be very expensive, and is out of the question in common farming. It may be done by putting on peat and muck, when these are near the fields. But this involves a considerable outlay for labor in digging the peat, and a still larger expense in carting it, whether it first pass through the yards and stables, or be carted to the fields for composting or spreading upon the surface to be plowed in. On some farms this may be the cheaper method of supplying vegetable matter to the soil. But on others the most economical method is the raising of clover, to be fed off upon the the land, or to be turned in. If a ton of clover may be worth $9, as a fertilizer, the growing of the plant is a cheap method of improving the land. Two tons for the first crop and a ton for the second is not an uncommon yield for land in good heart. The roots of clover also add largely to the vegetable matter in the soil. The first crop may be pastured, waiting until the crop is in blossom, and then turning in cattle enough to feed it off in three or four weeks. They should be kept constantly upon the field, that the whole crop may be returned to the soil. This will of course help the second crop, which may be turned in with the plow soon after it is in blossom. If the equivalent of three tons of dried clover hay, and one ton of roots have been grown to the acre, about $36 worth of manure have been added to the soil, and it has been distributed more evenly than would have been possible by any mechanical process. There has been no expense for carting and spreading peat, or for composting. On the contrary there has been the equivalent of two tons of clover hay consumed upon the field, worth, as fodder, $24. This will more than pay the cost of seed, of plowing twice and other labor. This is generally admitted to be the cheapest method of increasing the vegetable matter and the fertility of soils in common farming. And this it will be seen requires some little capital.—*American Agriculturist.*

Sowing Small Seeds.

The many failures we hear of in sowing small seeds, whether of farm crops, garden vegetables, or of flowers, seem to render necessary the repetition of the three essential requisites for success, namely, a finely pulverized covering, a depth according to the size of the seed, and a moist surface until the plants are well rooted. 1. To bury seeds under coarse clods of soil would be like throwing corn into a stone heap, expecting it to germinate and grow. The soil must be *fine*, so as to press against the seeds and give them moisture; and to impart this quality it is generally necessary to add fine manure. A top-dressing of old manure on a field intended to be seeded to grass, with a light and thorough harrowing, is often necessary to fit it for the reception of the seed; and a similar treatment is required in sowing any small vegetable seed, such as celery or lettuce, whether in a hot-bed or in open ground. Some flower seeds are still smaller, and may need the addition of leaf mould to make the soil fine enough 2. Small seeds are sometimes buried so deep that they can never reach the surface. The depth should never exceed four or five times their diameter. Hence the reason that grass seed should be rolled or lightly brushed in, and portulaca seeds covered by sifting fine earth on them. 3. On a large scale moisture is had by early sowing, and for smaller garden seeds later in Spring by shading the surface with a thin glass or straw mulch, an inverted pot, a covering for a few days with coarse sacking, or with other similar protection.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Cowpens Centenary.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 27.—The Cowpens Centennial Committee have received information that President and Mrs. Garfield and Secretary Blaine expect to be present at the unveiling of the Morgan statue at Spartansburg on May 11. Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes will probably attend.

She Died for Love.

LEROY, Ill., April 27.—Last night, Miss Ettie Cox, the adopted daughter of Jesse Cox, a respected farmer living near here, took her life with strychnine. She left no intimation of her motives. It was reported in the community some months since, that she had been married to a young man named Woods, but they never lived together. She left a letter sealed and directed to Woods, but its contents are unknown.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will every use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

Terrible Loss of Life.

Millions of rats, mice, cats, bed-bugs, roaches, lose their lives by collision with "Rough on Rats." Sold by druggists. 15c box s.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Twenty School Children Drowned by the Capsizing of a Boat Used as a Ferry.

ELGIN, Ill., April 28.—Between 8 and 9 o'clock, this morning, a small boat, running over the Fox River between East and West Elgin as a ferry, to take the place of the bridge recently washed away, was capsized and all the passengers, to the number of about 15, with but one exception, were all drowned. The boat was a mere scow, just purchased at a cost of $50, and was propelled by a rope. The first trip was made yesterday afternoon. Those lost are mainly school children, who were on their way to school on the West Side. The accident occurred in mid stream, but from what cause cannot now be told. It is not possible at this time to give the names of any of the lost, as so many have been crossing both ways all morning and it was not known who were on the craft.

LATER.

A Daily News' special says the ferry was crossing the Fox river this morning and was in the middle of the stream when it capsized suddenly. The passengers, of whom probably 33 were little girls, were swept down the current, uttering heart-rending cries for assistance. Several were rescued with boats. The body of John Crighton's daughter, aged 12 was rescued and she is said to have been resuciated. Twenty persons are known to have been saved. Among the missing are Thos. Murphy, aged 30; Les Taylor, 16, and Guy Carlisle, a boy. The ferry was 75 by 15 feet, and when first used yesterday was condemned by the public at once. The Evening Journal's information is that about 50 persons were drowned, but is is almost impossible to get trustworthy facts as to the number on board and the saved and lost.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

CHICAGO, April 28.—The Evening Journal's Elgin special says: An appalling disaster occurred here this morning which has brought sorrow into nearly every home in the city. The recent flood has done great pecuniary damage to this vicinity, but among other disasters that which has inflicted the most discomfort is the washing away of the bridges across the Fox River, which have been daily traversed by great crowds of school children and operatives in the factories across the river from here. The Council at once ordered a temporary ferry. A small scow was rigged to a wire cable and made its first trip last evening amid the jeers of the crowd, who suspected its value from the start. On its second trip this morning, when overloaded and nearly dipping its edges in the whirling eddying current, still swelled by brooks and flooded meadows, it yielded to a strong wave, and with its living freight of 30 men and children was overturned in mid-stream and the whole number were in one instant precipitated into the mad current and whirled away down the stream, uttering piercing shrieks and making the wild outcries peculiar to drowning persons. Those on the banks who witnessed the horrible sight set about rescuing those who kept their heads above water and there were some daring acts of bravery, and more persons were picked up in small boats and drawn ashore by means of ropes than would seem possible. This disaster does not now seem to be as bad as at first reported. Sixteen persons are known to have been saved, and 10 persons are missing and four are known to be drowned. There is intense excitement in the City, and hundreds of persons are busily engaged in dragging the river.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

He Saved Himself, but His Wife Drowned.

MANCHESTER, O., April 27.—Mrs. Thompson, wife of ex-Rep. J. D. Thompson, of Lewis County, Kentucky, living about four miles from here, while crossing Straight Creek in a small boat with her husband Saturday evening, when near the center of the creek one of the boards in the bottom of the boat came off, and the boat sank. Mr. Thompson caught his wife and swam with her to the boat, and, while she tried to climb into it, the boat upset. Again he caught her, and swam to the boat, she now being unable to hold on to the boat. He held her above water with one hand, and held on to the boat with the other, and called for help. A man living near came, but being unable to swim, could render no assistance. Thompson sent the man for his brother, who lived half a mile distant. Thompson still held his wife above water, and by the time the brother reached them he had managed to get near enough to the shore where he could touch bottom, but was so exhausted that he could not get out of the water, and when they were taken out, Mrs. Thompson was dead, and he is laying in a very critical condition, with little hopes of his recovery, he being a weakly, consumptive man.

An Unprovoked Murder.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 27.—On Sunday evening, near Quarry, Marshall County, a young Bohemian girl named Mary Brooks was shot and instantly killed by James Oderback. Miss Brooks had gone to the well for water, and while outside held a conversation with Oderback, after which she returned to the house, and just as she entered the door he pointed a pistol at her and fired. The ball entered her breast and penetrated the heart, and, attempting to utter an exclamation, she dropped dead. They were friends, and no reason is known for the deed except that Oderback was under the influence of liquor, as he had been drinking the previous evening. He was bound over to await an examination.

Internal Revenue Receipts.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The Treasury receipts to day were nearly $1,500,000. The Internal Revenue receipts show a constant increase, whisky, beer and tobacco all returning larger sums than ever before. This is attributed to increased activity in all branches of industry and increased capacity upon the part of people to purchase. The per cent of increase in the revenue from beer is greater than that on whisky, which is regarded as a hopeful sign, the evils of beer drinking being very much smaller than that which follows the consumption of whisky. At the rate revenue is coming in, and allowing for expenditures, it is probable that the reduction of the public debt this month will be over $10,000,000.

A Celestial Lottery Crushed.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—The Celestial lottery fraternity received a crushing blow late Wednesday night when one of their strongholds, heretofore baffling all efforts of the police to raid it, was descended upon by five policemen. One Corporal Avau, disguished himself as a Chinaman, succeeded in passing the "look out's," and, once inside, held the heavy iron-plated doors open while the rest of the officers rushed in. Six games were running in as many rooms. There were over 100 Chinamen present, but only 10 dealers were arrested. These, with the apparatus of the games, were brought to the City Prison, where the dealers were released on $200 bail each.

Tormenting Piles.

Kidney-Wort is an unfailing remedy for that tormenting disease piles. It moves the bowels gently and freely, and thus removes the cause. Do not fail to try it faithfully either in dry or liquid form.—*Sun and Press.*

Schofield's Headquarters.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—It has not yet been determined to change Gen. Schofield's headquarters. A change has been recommended to the President and he has it under consideration. In case of a change it is thought that a reconstruction of the military division will follow. Sherman and Sheridan protested against Schofield's being assigned to his present command.

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

RAILROADS CAUSE TROUBLE

To the Census Bureau by Refusing to Furnish Statistics.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Census Bureau is having considerable difficulty in securing statistics from the railroad companies of the country for computation. There are over 2,000 railroads in the United States, to which blank reports have been sent, and over 400 of the companies have failed to make any return. From one to four schedules have been sent these delinquent corporations, and in some instances as many as 10 letters have been addressed to some of them without obtaining any reply. The law enacted by Congress, after empowering the Superintendent of the Census to obtain a complete statement from every Railroad corporation of its condition, business, etc., provides that every President, Treasurer, Secretary, General Agent, or Managing Director, who shall upon request of the Census Bureau or its agents, neglect or refuse to give true answers to all the questions asked, shall forfeit not less than $500, nor more than $10,000, to be recovered in an action of debt in any Court of competent jurisdiction, and shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof he shall be imprisoned for not less than one year. Three special agents have been sent to Gen. Walker to obtain information from the delinquent roads. An agent has been detailed to New York, Philadelphia and the New England States; another to St. Louis, Southern Indiana, and Southern Illinois, and West to Denver, Col. The third has gone to Chicago, having Northern Illinois, Northern Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, and Ohio in his bailiwick. There are 228 questions in the schedule, which the companies are required to fill out, and a perusal of these questions inclines one's sympathies to the corporations which have proved delinquent. The companies must give their total and net income, expenses, including taxes, rental, interest accrued during the year, dividends, balance for year, balance at beginning of year, balance May 31, 1880, receipts from local and through passengers separately: express, mails, total receipts, passenger department, local freight, through freight, total transportation, earnings, rents for use of road and total income from all sources. They are required to make a complete analysis of expenses, from salaries of officers and clerks to the cost of oil, and waste, repairs, advertising, etc., the total train mileage, total passenger mileage, number of tons of grain, flour, cotton, provisions, live stock stone, brick, lime, cement, sand, clay, lumber, coal, petroleum, pig, bloom and railroad iron manufacturers and merchandise carried; a detailed account of assets and liabilities; statement of land grants, if any; average rates of fares for local and through passengers and commuters; the equipment of the road and details regarding cars and locomotives; statement of contracts with express, sleeping car and transportation companies; the terms and conditions of existing leases, length of main and branch lines; number of stations; statement of accident and the causes; the average number of persons employed in all capacities on the road or its branches.

POE'S FOSTER MOTHER.

Her Death Saturday at the Age of 83.

RICHMOND, Va., April 27.—Mrs. Louisa G. Allan, the foster mother of Edgar Allan Poe, and one of the most distinguished ladies in Virginia, died at her late residence in this City Saturday, aged 83. The deceased was the leader of the best Virginia society in her day. Her residence, an old fashioned house, surrounded by spacious grounds, located at the corner of Fifth and Main streets, in this City, was the scene of some of the most brilliant assemblies known in this City. Here she received Gen. Harrison, and entertained him a few days before his inauguration.

Her house was adorned with many rare paintings and bric-a-brac which she had collected in Europe. Mrs. Allan was Miss Patterson, of New Jersey. She married at an early age Mr. John Allan, a prominent merchant of this City in his day. The fruits of this union were three sons, John, Willie and Patterson. The first was killed at the Battle of Bull Run, the second died of wounds received in another engagement, and the last named died after the war in Cincinnati.

Mr. Allan, the husband of the deceased lady, adopted Edgar Allan Poe and raised him. Under the roof of this family Poe spent the most of his life some time after he attained his majority. Whenever he returned to Virginia the poet made the house of his foster parents his home. Mr. Allen was a cousin of Gen. Winfield Scott. The funeral took place yesterday, the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of the Presbyterian Church, officiating. The interment took place at Hollywood Cemetery.

KILLED AT HIS PLOW.

Horrible Revenge of a Disappointed Hired Man.

ROCHESTER, April 29.—A dispatch to the Morning Herald says a farmer named John Welker, living two miles northeast of Batavia, was shot and instantly killed by his hired man, named Charles Stockley.

It appears that Stockley wanted to marry Welker's daughter, 16 years of age, and the father positively refused to allow the match. Stockley remarked that he would make it hot for him, and immediately went to Batavia, where he purchased a revolver, with which he returned and committed the crime. Welker was plowing in a field near the house, and his daughter stood talking over the fence to him, when Stockley came up and fired three shots in rapid succession, the second passing through the brain. Stockley fled to Batavia, where he was arrested, the daughter of Welker having given the alarm to some neighbors, who followed the murderer with all speed.

A Disgrace.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 29.—There is much indignation among the better classes of people of this City to day, on learning that all the hotels here yesterday absolutely refused to give accommodations to the men and women, 12 in number, who constitute the original troupe of jubilee singers from the Fisk University of Tennessee—very respectable colored people, and as good and cultivated ladies and gentlemen as can be found anywhere. These people were recently honored and entertained by the Queen of England, Premier Gladstone, nearly all the crowned heads of the other Governments of Europe, and yet here in the capital of the great free Republican State of Illinois—the home of Abraham Lincoln—they are driven from the doors of the hotels as if they were criminals and outlaws. Their agent—Mr. Cushing, spent the whole day here yesterday in trying to secure accommodations for them for two days next week, when they are to give entertainments here.

A Horrible Way to Die.

MILWAUKEE, April 28.—A horrible accident occurred at Kern's flour-mills today. John Kirchen, a sweeper in the establishment, was working in the top story of the old mill near the cog-wheel gearing at the end of a flour chest. While clearing up at this point the man slipped and fell, his right wrist catching in the revolving cogs, which were running about 30 revoluions to the minute. The wheels drew the arm rapidly in with their iron grasp until the thickness of the man's chest was reached, which, with the entire clothing from the man's waist upward, partially checked the shafting, which still ground slowly into the back and breast of its victim. Before the machiery could be stopped he was frightfully mangled, and died in a few hours.

Steamer Ashore.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The steamer "Chesapeake" of the New York and Portland Line, is ashore on Fishers Island, off New London, Conn., and is likely to go to pieces. No lives lost.

She is the vessel which did such good service during the war of the Rebellion, and was captured and taken to the Provinces, where part of her cargo was confiscated.

WESTERN FLOODS.

A Terrible State of Affairs at Kansas City, Mo.

ATCHISON, Kas., April 29.—The Missouri River is now 23 feet above low water mark, but has been stationary since morning. All the people of East Atchison, numbering about 1,000, except a half-dozen families, are driven out by the flood. Most of them have taken refuge in this City, but many are occupying box cars, generously furnished by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.

A farmer named P. Hudson, living on the Missouri bottom, opposite here, has lost $8,000 worth of cattle and horses.

The Atchison & Nebraska road is submerged or washed away north of this city. There is a very great destruction of property reported in the bottoms above this city, both in Kansas and Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 29.—This has been a great day of excitement in Kansas City. The water in the Missouri continued to rise throughout the night and day and is still rising. At nine o'clock this morning the dike raised along the Missouri river in front of the bottoms gave way in the neighborhood called "Hell's Half Acre" and the torrent poured through, driving the people from their homes in great terror. All efforts to stay the flood were in vain and within an hour a large district was inundated to the depth of from four to 10 feet.

At noon the torrent began to pour over Ninth street, submerging another district as large as the first, and driving the terror-stricken inhabitants before it. The water backing up the Kansas or Kaw river submerged a large part of the stock yards and surrounded the district inhabited by the families of the employes of Fowler Brothers' packing houses, and surrounding their large boarding houses. The water stands several feet deep in a large number of stores on Union avenue and James street, and covers the street railway on these streets for five or six squares.

In the neighborhood known as Armoursdale, across the Kaw river from this point, large numbers of colored families were surprised by the flood and at least five persons were drowned. The water rushed over the doomed town so rapidly that the inhabitants could only flee for their lives, without being able to remove any part of their household goods. Fully 300 families are thus thrown out of their houses in an incredibly short time, and are now encamped on the high grounds around Armstrong, with a strong probability that their houses will go down the stream. At least 6,000 people are driven from their homes.

In East Kansas City a similar state of affairs exists, rendering homeless for a time at least 1,000 people. Thousands of feet of building sand, secured at great expense from the river during the Winter, have been washed into the current and disappeared. This will cause a great delay in the large building operations of the City for a long time. The height of the water at 9 P. M. was 26 feet six inches above low water mark, a rise during the day of nine inches.

CHINESE AS SAILORS.

The Very Latest Phase of the Mongolian Cheap Labor Problem.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—The Chinese succeeded in invading another branch of business here. This time they have entered the field as deep water sailors, and to day 14 Chinamen shipped as the crew of the English vessel "Rock Terrace," bound for Cork. The supply of white seamen has been very scarce here for many months, and the owners of this boat found it impossible to get even a mixed crew of whites and Lascars. Eighteen men were needed, and this complement was made up by four white boatswains and 14 Chinese sailors. The latter were submitted to one day's trial, as is customary. This test proved satisfactory, and, though not as expert as able white seamen, they showed sufficient skill to warrant the Captain in going to sea with them. They contracted for $25 a month and three months' advance, a rate which has spread dismay along the city front in sailor boarding houses. The comments of old salts on Mongolian seamen were not flattering. They declared the Chinese were no account in a storm, as they lost their nerve and could not be counted on for work in any emergency. Col. Bee, Vice Consul for China at this port, states that there are a large number of experienced Chinese sailors here now, and that several other ships were negotiating for Mongolian crews at fair wages.

ST. LOUIS TROUBLES

All Settled at Last.

ST. LOUIS, April 29.—Most of the street railway lines are running to-day and all of them will probably resume to-morrow. Each company makes its own terms with the men, there having been no concert of action or general agreement among them. No trouble has yet occurred on any of the roads and the only interference so far reported occurred on the Cass avenue line. When the first car on this road reached Eighteenth street and Cass avenue in what is known locally as Kerry Patch, inhabited mainly by Irish, some 15 or 20 women pelted the driver with mud and threw cold water at him. On Ninth street and Cass avenue some men threw mud and rocks at the car, and again on Eighth street a large party of boys assailed the car with rocks and mud. Nobody hurt and no damage made. Those of the strikers who still remain out are in a very demoralized condition and don't seem to know what to do. Their meeting at Turner hall this morning was but slimly attended, and its quite likely they will soon disband.

KENTUCKY NOTES.

A Volcano Discovered—The Sunday Law.

LOUISVILLE, April 29.—A volcano has broken out on the farm of N. A. Jarnagin, in the Southern portion of Ohio County. One day last week Jarnagin was attracted to the place by the gas as it escaped from the earth, and found on examination that the earth was seemingly on fire. He held a shuck over the place and the heat caused it to ignite. Many persons have visited the place, and it is a source of wonder to all.

The State Attorney for this County has commenced several actions against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad for violation of the Sunday law. The petition specifies the running of certain trains, and the employment of men, and says: The plaintiff further states that by reason of said facts, defendant, by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided, became liable to fines in favor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky plaintiff as aforesaid, in the sum of $350 as follows, to-wit: one fine of $50 for running and operating said train, and six other fines of $50 each for the employment of persons engaged in work and labor upon the same, whereupon plaintiff prays judgmen against defendant for the sum of $350 and costs.

More Crop Reports.

CINCINNATI, April 29.—The Times-Star to-day publishes a report of the crop prospects, collected directly from farmers and grain dealers from all parts of the country, the result of which is about as follows:

Ohio—Wheat, large acreage, incouraging prospects; tobacco plants advancing finely; fruit variously reported, peach buds in some places partially killed, in others totally.

Kentucky—Poor promise for wheat; good prospect for fruit.

Indiana—Encouraging wheat prospect, except in Southern Indiana; barley a total failure; corn planting commenced in Southern Counties.

In Arkansas and Texas the season is cold and late; peaches a failure; early corn injured by rains; reduced acreage of cotton.

In West Virginia peaches are killed; the late wet weather is unfavorable to crops.

"This is a rather sad affair," said the Andover policeman to the theological student whom he arrested for burglary. "Well, I should smile if it wasn't," was the cool reply.

FURY OF FLAMES.

A Heavy Loss of Life.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The box factory of E. C. Smith corner Oakland and Box streets, Greenpoint, burned yesterday afternoon. Many workmen, as the flames broke out became panic stricken and jumped from the windows or crowded each other in doorways in their eagerness to get out and the result was that Geo. Billings, aged 43, Peter Schaff, 57, and Samuel Dixon 42, were removed to the hospital. Adjoining the factory was a saw dust store house, about which a large crowd gathered, the wall protecting them from the heat. While watching the fire in the factory, without warning, an explosion threw the walls over on the crowd and the flames swept over them a dozen feet. There was a shower of blazing sawdust spreading some distance, which set fire to the clothing of women and children, who fled shrieking from the place. The firemen, police and others rushed to the aid of the unfortunate ones, who had been injured or buried beneath the falling wall, most of whom were boys. Their names were as follows: Welheim Freeman, aged 14, fatally burned; Frank McMullen, aged 13, fatally burned; Geo. McDowell, aged 11, badly burned; John O'Connell, aged 12, badly burned. A number of men were knocked down and either injured or burned, but with the aid of friends managed to make their way home. George Bloomfield, aged 23, caught beneath the wall, was burned to death. His body was recovered from the ruins. The loss by fire is estimated at $75,000; insurance, $5,000

Additional list of injured: Geo. Clapp, aged 30; Patrick Kinner, 18; Frank McMulket, 9; George Ingersoll, 9; George McGarvey, 10; Wm. Sweeney, 14; John Bennett, 50 all severely burned about the face and body. John O'Conner, 12; August Treskey, 35; John Kennout, 56; Wm. Vandewater, 30; John Clark, 25. Tresky is belieed to be fatally burned, while the first seven named are badly burned. Wm. Crawford, fireman, received several injuries, being thrown from a ladder. James Hewitt, 45, run over by a supply wagon, had his right ankle fractured. The police are informed that a painter in the factory named Breckenberg was missing. Vandewater only lived in New York, the remainder residing in the neighborhood of the fire.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

Lumbermen's Loss—Malignant Scarlet Fever—A Fishing Party Supposed to Have Been Lost.

DETROIT, April 29.—The Richardson dam, near the mouth of the river, at Alpen, this State, was partially washed out yesterday by unprecedented high water, letting some 5,000,000 feet of logs into the bay and carrying away a bridge still lower down. The ice in the bay will enable the log owners to recover their logs, but at a heavy expense of sorting and gathering them.

A terrible case of sickness is reported from the town of Croesco, near Marshall, this State. A family named Weaver, eight in number, living on an island in the center of a large marsh were found nearly all down with a malignant form of scarlet fever. They were found in destitute circumstances with no covering upon the feet, the children scantily supplied with food. The atmosphere was infected with miasma, the marsh water being used for domestic purposes, being procured from a barrel sunk in the ground, into which surface water of the marsh flows, making it totally unfit for the use of man or beast. When a physician first called one of the children was dying and beyond all medical assistance. Soon after death, the body became black and the doctor calls it the most malignant form of the disease he ever met. Three children of the family died in 24 hours.

Wednesday morning Postmaster George H. Snook, Dr. W. Decker, Morris Axtell and Chas. Wood of Mt. Clemens, this state, went to lake St. Clair on a fishing excursion. The lake was full of floating ice making navigation by sail boat dangerous. They were last seen late in the afternoon from one of the islands, when a squall struck them and they seemed to disappear. Two tugs were searching for them all day yesterday without avail. It is feared they perished. They were all prominent business men of Mt. Clemens.

The State Telephone Exchange, capital $250 000, has been organized in this City, comprising several large capitalists, with the intention of connecting the various Cities in the State having mutual business relations with the trunk lines' wires.

ENGLAND.

BRADLAUGH'S CASE.

LONDON, April 27.—The House of Commons adjurned last night to give time for cool reflection on the course to be pursued in Bradlaugh's case. Gladstone persistently refused to intervene to give effect to the motion of Northcote, which was adopted, that Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath. Gladstone would, he declared, take no steps until he thought it could be taken with advantage.

The House of Commons was crowded. Bradlaugh presented himself at the speaker's table and claimed the right to take the oath. He was called upon by the speaker to withdraw and was removed to the bar by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Labouchere asked Gladstone whether it would facilitate his oath bill if Bradlaugh meanwhile remained outside. Gladstone declared that the urgency of the land bill prevented him from offering facilities.

LaBouchere moved an adjournment of the House in order to elicit a promise from the opposition not to obstruct his oath bill. Bradlaugh, he said, would engage not to present himself at the speaker's table while the bill was progressing, and no member on the liberal side would avail himself of the right to raise the matter as a question of privilege, as he could else do daily.

BEACONFIELD'S WILL.

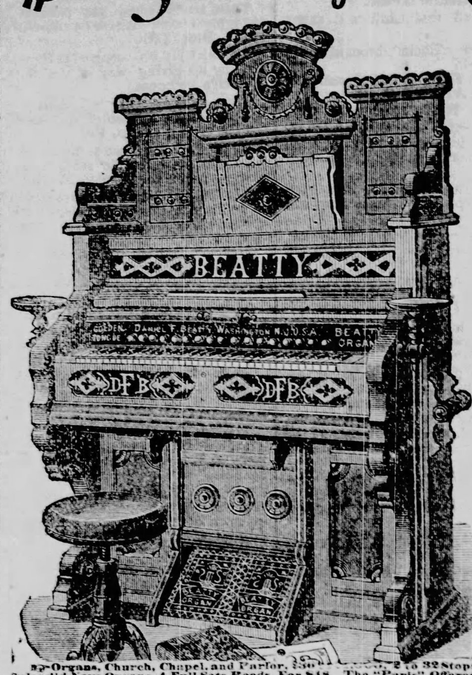
Lord Beaconfield's will leaves Hughenden Manor and all his other property to his nephew, Coningsby Ralph Disraeli. The estate is strictly entailed in the male line with revision to female heirs, provided all successors of the latter take the name of Disraeli not in conjunction with, but instead of their own surname. All his letters, papers, manuscripts, etc., are left in the custody of Lord Rowton, with full discretion regarding their publication, except private correspondence, the use of which is to be governed by the wishes of the parties interested. There is special directions that no part of his correspondence with the Queen should be published without her consent or that of her successors.

A Big Block of Stone for Vanderbilt.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 28.—Probably the largest block of stone that has ever been quarried in the United States, and was afterwards conveyed by rail a distance of several hundred miles, was a few days ago taken from the quarries of the Chicago & Bedford Company, at Bedford, and sent thence to New York for use in the Vanderbilt mansion now in course of erection. The block was 21 feet, 8 inches long, 10 feet, 4 inches wide, and 14 inches thick, and weighed over 20 tons. It was transported to New York upon a double freight car, specially prepared, and the reason that Mr. Vanderbilt went to Indiana to get this massive slab of stone, which is intended for the porch of his new residence, was that he could not get one as large or of as good quality anywhere else.

The new Spring style in bonnets is just too sweet for anything. It is made out of some kind of stuff sort of delicate in texture and of a rather lightish color, kind of cut away on the sides, and rolled back on the top, and scooped out underneath, and trimmed with some sort of ribbon stuff that looks nice, and some kind of other sort of material that is handsome, and it is all fixed on in that kind of way which looks so much like something that we can't remember, and the whole effect is very exquisite, reminding us of a most beautiful something or other whose name we can't just at present call to mind.—*Rockland Courier.*

$65. Beatty's Organs.



THE "LONDON,"
New Style No. 5,000.

18 Useful Stops.

(1) Diapason Forte.
(2) SUB-BASS.
(3) Principal Forte.
(4) Dulcet.
(5) Diapason.
(6) GRAND ORGAN
(7) Bolian.
(8) VOX HUMANA.
(9) Echo.
(10) Dulciana.
(11) Clarionet.
(12) VOX CELESTE.
(13) Flute Forte.
(14) OCTAVE COUP

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Emile de Girardin is dead.

It is believed that Chili will annex Peru.

The steamer "Rhein" brought nerly $400,000 in gold.

The Bey of Tunis is taking energetic steps to prevent disturbances.

A dispatch from Vienna says Gen. Louis Von Benedek died at Gratz to-day.

It appears impossible to satisfy the Greeks without a war on the Turkish frontier.

A fish containing trichina in a high state of development has been caught in Cincinnati.

Mayor Harrison declares that the day of wooden pavements in Chicago has passed by.

The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, of New York, complains of a deficit of $194,060.

The exact amount of sixes that has reached the Treesury thus far for continuance is $27,459,950.

St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral at San Antonio, Tex., was consecrated by Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee.

The opening of the new Southern Hotel at St. Louis is to be made the grandest affair of the kind ever seen in that City.

The success of Sec. Windom a plan for refunding the maturing bonds is greater than was anticipated in Washington.

Duncombe & Co.' large flouring mill at Decatur, Mich., was burned last night with 2,000 bushels of wheat. The loss $25,000.

The first spike was driven on the Fort Scott & Wichita Railroad yesterday, at Fort Scott, Kas., Judge Ayers wielding the sledge.

Racine has lost two venerable residents —John Marshall, aged 86 years, and Dr. Eliss Smith, who was the first President of the village.

The attitude of the powers is such that a postponement or an early adjournment of the International Monetary Conference is anticipated.

The Commissioner of Health of Chicago advises the people to abstain from the use of water as a beverage. The river has got mixed up with the lake.

The St. Louis Police Commissioners have made arrangements for a special force of 150 men, it is supposed to quell the street railroad strikers.

A man named Russell and five of his associates, suspected of being Nihilists, have been expelled from Roumania and have gone to Constantinople

It is possible that the ratification of the Chinese treaty, foreign as it is to the questions at issue, may serve as the key to unlock the Senatorial dead lock.

Is the case of Mrs. Rebecca Corzelius, charged with the murder of Armstrong, her former husband, at London, O., the Court has entered a nolle prosequi.

The Directors of the Chicago Board of Trade issued a prouncisment against railway pools in general, and the joint executive committee in particular.

The capitalists of Council Bluffs, Ia., are now debating the plan of forming a company with $100,000 to establish a barge line between that City and St. Louis.

Prof. John H. Hewitt has resigned his chair in the Lake Forest University, Illinois, and accepted the Lawrence Professorship of Greek language and Literature at Dartmouth.

George H. Boyd, ex-Sheriff of Hamber County, Tennessee, was only 12 hours in the employment of the Nashville & Chattanooga Road when he was killed while coupling cars.

The French iron-clad "Surveillante" bombarded and destroyed a Tunisian fort on the island of Tabarca. The telegraph wire between Tunis and the Algerian frontier has been cut.

Two gentlemanly looking foot pads assaulted Mrs. Tarkington of Indianapolis, on New Jersey street. One threw her down while the other wrenched her pocket-book from her grasp.

The Town of Buena Ventura, in Panama, was destroyed by fire. The loss was $1,000,000. Three persons were burned to death, and 1,500 were left homeless and almost starving.

William J. Florence, the comedian has telegraphed a friend in New York from London that John McCullough made an "electric" hit as *Virginius* at the Drury Lane Theater Monday night.

The firm of Teabout & Vallean, dealers in stock, grain, etc., at Decora, Ia., are reported to have failed to the tune of $200,000. They run numerous branch offices in the State, which have also gone up.

A colt with seven perfectly-formed feet was born at Normal, Ill., last month, and is vigorous enough to justify the belife that it will have an average life. One fore leg sports three feet and the other two.

Burglars broke open the door of the postoffice at New Providence, Penn., Tuesday night, blew the safe open, which aroused the postmaster, who fired on the robbers and they fled without securing anything.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland, in answer to a question in the British House of Commons, said it was not true that a disguised party made a raid for firearms in the County Limerick in the name of the Irish Republic.

A vote of the people is to be taken in North Carolina, August 1, for or against prohibition. The Prohibitionists met at Raleigh yesterday and organized for an active campaign. Every County in the State was represented.

The British Government has finally decided to have a representative at the Monetary Conference, and the Comptroller of the Royal Mint has been directed to attend simply for the purpose of observation, being instructed to take no part in the discussion.

The horse disease which prevails in Chicago has made its appearance to some extent in Cleveland, and is very malignant in Milwaukee, Wis., where there are 200 or more cases so severe that the animals affected are kept in their stables for treatment.

A Des Moines dispatch says: Mrs. Baldwin, medium in the Baldwin Brilliants Spiritual Expose Troupe, endeavored to commit suicide with a dose of morphine at Knoxville, Marion County, yesterday, and was pumped out. Domestic troubles are the cause.

Three men went to the residence of John Baker, near Mannington, W. Va., Tuesday night, and after knocking him down with an ax robbed the house of $800. Baker's son-in-law slept in the house, but was afraid to interfere. Baker says he knows the robbers.

A wine merchant of Philadelphia, by the name of James W. Hellings, one of the party who forged the will of Robt. Whittaker, and thereby entered into possession of his wealth, related the incidents of his crime in a Montreal court room, in extradition proceedings against Van Arsden, who was also involved in the matter.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office decides that never since its acquisition from France has any of the lands in Indian Territory been open to settlement or entry under the public laws, and declares that the effort to induce the colored people to emigrate to Oklahoma deserves the severest reprobation

Gov. Wallace, of New Mexico, offers a reward of $500 for the arrest of Isaac Stockton, and $250 each for eight of his gang, and will forward requisitions to Gov. Pitkin, of Colorado. For three months these men have been protected at Durango, Col., and have furnished that town with 800 stolen cattle. Adjutant-General Frost has mustered in a company of 85 men in Rio Arriba County.

There were 241 deaths in Chicago last week.

Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court will make a tour of California soon.

The safe in the postoffice at Pittston, Pa., was robbed of registered letters, money and stamps.

There are 127 small pox patients and 107 typhus fever patients on Blackwell's Island, New York.

A loss of $10,000 occurred at Hannibal, Mo., by the giving way of the walls of Worrell's ice house.

The steamer City of Austin was wrecked on the Pelican Shoals, inside of the bar at Fernandina, Fla.

In the Illinois House a "deadlock" exists on the resolution to reapportion the Congressional and Senatorial Districts.

The Turkish newspapers are forbidden to publish reports of the plague at Bagdad, as the accounts continue unfavorable.

Hon. A. Brower Brown, one of the best known criminal lawyers in central Illinois, died at Decatur, on Monday night.

At Philadelphia, the stone cutters employed on the City hall, are on a strike to force the dismissal of a non-society man.

There are said to be $12,000,000 of American railroad securities and $15,000,000 of United States bonds held in Spain.

The Boers and the British residents of Transvaal are continually coming in conflict, and serious troubles are apprehended.

The New York Legislature has defeated a resolution proposing to submit the question of free canals to a vote of the people.

Sheriff Smiley, of Trinity County, California, yesterday, shot and killed a stage robber, who refused to surrender when ordered.

A. A. Patterson, an agent in the Halifax Banking Company at Truro, N. S., has absconded, with what amount is not known.

Lulu Nelson, a girl of 18, the victim of a man named Frank Clevelana, of Boston, made an almost successful attempt to commit suicide.

Asa T. Barron, the famous White Mountain landlord, has been removed to a private asylum in Massachusetts for aberration of mind.

Jonathan Cottle, a well-known business man of Boston, waiving a difference of 50 years of age, has married an orphan girl employed in his factory.

Gold medals have been presented to two Indian chiefs on Vancouver Island, who succored the crew of a wrecked American vessel last Summer.

The brakemen on the Grand Trunk request an advance of wages from $1.25 per day to $1.40 on passenger and way trains, and $1.50 on through freight. If the request is not accedeed to they will resign Wednesday at midnight.

In the Woman's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Board, sitting at Chicago, the receipts for the year were stated to be $53,000. Hrs. A. H. Hodge was re-elected President, and Minneapolis was chosen as the next place of meeting.

The conference of Western candidates for the Speakership resulted in an agreement that he who shall receive the highest vote on first ballot shall have the full support of his rival for the position. It is generally conceded that by united action the West can carry the election.

Boston capitalists are to receive $14,000,000 in July from the sale of their interest in the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore road. A pool has therefore been formed to purchase and mark up the first class railroad bonds on the Boston market, to aid in absorbing the capital set free.

The Cunard line steamers "Scythia" and "Malta" which sailed from Liverpool Saturday last for New York took out more that a thousand emigrants, a large number being Swedes. The Cunard Company have arranged for dispatching four vessels to America this week, all of which are expected to be filled with emigrants.

President Garfield said to a Republican member of Congress that during the campaign General Brady wrote him, offering to raise $25,000 from the star route contractors. Not only was the offer disapproved of, but inquiries were set on foot which resulted in a determinetion before leaving Mentor that Brady should be displaced.

Four school boys were killed by lightning in Louisville yesterday. They were playing ball when the flash occurred. The school bell had just rung, and the boys were gathered at the spot where their coats had been placed. The flash was so vivid that the boys were for a moment obscured. The next instant they were seen lying on the ground, with upturned faces. Six boys were thrown down, but two of the boys were only shocked. Vain efforts were made to resuscitate the four victims. Their clothing was torn and charred. The ground was but slightly damaged.

The new Czar does not enjoy himself. Surrounded by armed men, he retires to his bed chamber alone, after removing the outer knob of the door. A subterranean passage has been made, leading from the castle to the stables, where a number of horses are always kept saddled and in readiness for flight. The Nihilists are at work, and their efforts to destroy the Czar seems as persistent as those which characterized the reign of the late ruler. Dynamite has just been discovered in a load of hay intended for the stables of the cattle. Easter eggs containing revolutionary proclamations have been circulated in St. Petersburg.

CHURCH SCANDAL.

A Minister Who Does Not Believe in Eternal Punishment Accused before the Methodist Church.

SAN FRANCICO, April 30.—A dispatch from Victoria, British Columbia, says: "Methodist circles are stirred by the secession of the Rev. R. R. Smith, Superintendent of the Mission, and head of the Church of the Province. Some weeks ago Smith delivered a course of sermons, in which he declared his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Last night at the annual district meeting of the body Smith took the chair. After devotional exercises, objection was raised as to the doctrinal views which Smith had announced during the year from his pulpit. Smith stated that he was no longer to be bound by the close standard of the Church, and tendered his resignation as a member of the body, which was accepted, and he withdrew from the meeting. It is said that he will be followed by a number of his congregation, and that an independent church will be established.

The Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The following is the public debt statement for the month of April, 1881:

Six per cent. bonds	$196,878,600
Five per cent. bonds	459,022,950
Four and one-half per cent. bonds	250,000,000
Four per cent. bonds	738,632,700
Refunding certificates	735,100
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total coin bonds	$1,653,749,350
Matured debt	5,704,805
Legal tenders	346,741,616
Certificates of deposit	8,295,000
Gold and silver certificates	56,642,700
Fractional currency	7,115,046
Total without interest	$ 17,535,211
Total cash in Treasury	233,731,195
Debt, less cash in Treasury	1,864,972,698
Decrease during March	9,690,900
Decrease since June 30, 1880	78,099,601
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$2,710,492
Debt on which interest has ceased	5,704,805
Interest thereon	720,740
Gold and silver certificates deposit	8,295,000
Cash balance available May 1, '81	150,647,357
Total	$ 233,731,195
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	233,731,195
Bonds issued to Pacific R. R. Co., interest payable in lawful money, principal outstanding	$64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,292,470
Interest paid by the U. S	60,588,586
Interest repaid by companies by transportation service	14,946,370
By cash payments, 5 per cent. of net earnings	655,188
Balance of interest paid by United States	34,695,997

THE CAUCUS.

Probability of an Early Executive Session.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The caucus of Republican Senators met at 10 o'clock this morning, but it was 11 o'clock before anything like a full attendance was present. Mr. Hale led in advocating Executive sessions, and was supported by Hawley, Sherman and several others. Most of the Senators were rather non committal. Logan was willing to hold Executive sessions, provided the Republicans would not surrender any point of the pending fight. This seems to be the prevailing opinion. The caucus adjourned until this afternoon without reaching any conclusion.

The Senate adjourned at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and the Republican caucus immediately reconvened. It is apparent that an early executive session will be held, beginning perhaps to morrow, but the Republicans will hold the control of the business, and refuse to surrender their present fight. The Democratic Senators believe that one executive session will break the Republicans and lead to an early adjournment.

Reports that Sen. Platt has deserted Sen. Conkling are untrue. Sen. Platt stuck by Sen. Conkling in to-day's caucus and will stand by him. Sen. Conkling intends to bring the Robertson fight to an end as soon as possible and he believes he can win it. Ex Sen. Eaton, of Connecticut, a warm friend of Conkling is here advising the Democratic Senators to vote against Robertson. He came to help Conkling in his fight against the administration.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The committee of seven Senators appointed by the Republican caucus last week to prepare a plan of action in regard to the contemplated holding of an executive session reached an agreement to-day which will be reported to the caucus to-morrow morning. They will recommend that executive sessions be held forthwith for the transaction of business in the following order:

1. To refer the appropriate committees all nominations now on the table.

2. To take up for final action the various treaties which now await ratification, and in the next place to consider all uncontested nominations already reported from the Senate Committee. The term "uncontested," as used by the committee is intended to include every nomination which is not objected to by one Republican Senator from the State to which it belongs.

The report will not take the ground that no other nomination should be considered during the present session, but merely that the program of the business should be restricted in this manner for the present, or until otherwise determined by a caucus.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The Republican Senators met in caucus this morning to receive the report of their Committee on the scope and order of business to be transacted in the proposed executive session. A discussion ensued which had not been completed when the hour for the assemblage of the Senate arrived, and the caucus adjourned to meet again this afternoon. The attendance was small this morning. The discussion is understood to have been confined mainly to the question as to what shall be considered. Contested cases to be withheld from action for the present.

THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Sen. Morgan asked leave to offer a concurrent resolution declaring that the interests of the people of the United States of America, and the welfare and security of the Government are so involved in the subject of the construction of ship canals or other ways, for the transportation of seagoing vessels across the isthmus connecting North and South America, that the Government of the United States, with frankness, which is due all other people and Governments, hereby asserts that it will insist that its consent is a necessary condition, precedent to the execution of such a project, and also as to the rules and regulations under which other nations shall participate in the use of such canals or other ways, either in peace or in war.

Sen. Dawes objected to the resolution, not so much on account of the sentiments contained in it as on account of the fact that it needed the concurrence of the House of Representatives.

After the debate Sen. Morgan modified his resolution so as to make it a Senate resolution and it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The Vice President then laid before the Senate the unfinished business, the resolution for the election of officers of the Senate. After two or three ineffectual roll calls, Sen. Harris moved the Senate go into executive session, stating there were 300 nominations on the table awaiting action. Lost, 23 to 23. Sen. Slate left for home. He is paired with Platt for the remainder of the session. Several dilatory motions were voted down and the Senate adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—In the Senate unfinished business came up. A motion for an executive session was lost, 20 to 21.

Sen. Butler then took the floor, premising his speech by reading from the Record the report of a colloquy between himself and Sen. Burnside on the 20th inst., during the course of which he had stated if he did not by irrefragable evidence establish the fact that there had been a bargain he would resign his seat in the Senate.

In endeavoring to do so he desired it to be understood that with and of the purposes and intentions of the Senators as individuals, he had nothing to do. He was not here to impeach motives or to call into question the individual integrity and honesty of the Senators. The Senator from Virginia (Mahone) had said that no man could reach the human heart. That was true, but men were held responsible for their acts to society and it was his duty as a Senator to criticise legitimately the public acts, the public votes and public utterances of all men who belonged to the public. He made no charge against the Senator from Virginia, he had nothing but the kindest feeling for that Senator, but when gentleman and his friends rose and charged the Democrats with revolution and treason, it was his (Butler's) duty in vindication of himself, to account for the course which he was taking. What were the evidences of a bargain? First, the Senator from Virginia, (Mahone) was elected to the Senate as a Democrat. Second, his purpose to vote with Republicans had never been announced until his vote had disclosed that fact. Third, following that vote he had been assigned to the Chairmanship of an important Committee by a Republican caucus. Fourth, this had been followed by the nomination of Riddleberger for Sergeant-at-Arms. Fifth, George C. Gorham, an earnest friend of the Senator had been nominated as Secretary. Sixth, he (Mahone) had appointed Gorham's brother in-law as clerk of his committee. Seventh, the nominations by the President, of Sen. Mahone's political friends to Federal offices. Eighth, the Senator had voted on every motion with the Republicans. Ninth, by such votes he was carrying out the will of the Republican caucus. Teath, he had moved his seat to the Republican side of the Chamber. Eleventh, the Republican caucus refused to transact public business until Gorham and Riddleberger were elected.

Tricks of the "Middle Men."

WASHINGTON, May 3.—It is now learned that Gen. Sherman signed a great many appeals and petitions to have the mails on the Star routes expedited. Being a General of the army, his influence had great weight. His motives were entirely good, and no one acquainted with him could think otherwise. His motive was to give increased mail facilities to the soldiers at the far Western posts. It is now believed that his good nature was imposed upon by the Star route jobbers, who were willing to pay liberally to middle-men who could get Sherman and other prominent officials to sign the papers. It is now thought that these industrious middle-men were the fellows who made the money.

BOLD INSURANCE COMPANIES

An Expose of One of the Greatest Frauds of the Season.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—The Press prints a six column exposure of the gambling in human lives as carried on in this State under the wild cat insurance system. It shows that such barefaced speculation never was know, that it infests Church and State, enters the school room, reaches as low as the cradle and stalks boldly into the halls of Justice: that even the Executive Chair is paralyzed by its seductive attractions, and that the law-making power is really part and parcel of the evil itself.

Careful investigation has developed the fact that there are 165 companies in this State actually engaged in the business. In addition to the old line Life Insurance companies there are only eight that are entirely free from the sepeculative taint, namely, the Fidelity Mutual Aid Association, of Philadelphia; the Mutual Benefit Company of Philadelphia; the New Era Life Association, of Philadelphia; the Temperance Mutual Association, and the Odd Fellows' Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Montrose; the Lake Shore Masonic Relief Association, of Erie; the Central Mutual Aid Association, of Lockhaven, and the Equitable Mutual Association, of Glen Rock. The last two were organized within the last year. There are also three companies that profess to do a legitimate business, namely, the U. B. Mutual Aid Society, of Lebanon; the Home Mutual Life Association, of Lebanon, and the Keystone Mutual Benefit Association, of Allentown, but these companies allow their policies, after issue, to be transferred to persons who have no insurable interest in the person insured, which is not legitimate and amounts to speculation.

It is proven that in Snyder County alone, 1 000 persons have either neglected or abandoned their former vocations and are now engaged in the speculative traffic in human lives, most of them as agents, others as officers (there being 18 companies in the County) and the balance as speculators; that is, buying and selling policies. The result is that hundreds of families, through their efforts to keep up their assessments on such policies, have been reduced to penury and want. Many of them during the past Winter were unable to send their children to school for want of clothes. They are also unable to pay the merchants, who are compelled in many instances to lose accounts, or take speculative policies, and risk paying the assessments and recovering insurance to indemnify them for the moneys due them by this class of persons. A great many of these speculative subjects persist in living, and in consequence the merchants upon whom policies have been imposed are in financial distress.

Men holding public office and trusted positions are getting themselves into trouble by speculating beyond their means, and in their desperation are using public funds. The Sheriff of an interior County is said to be in financial trouble, as he is carrying upward of $100,000 on the aged and decrepit, and it is alleged that to enable him to carry this enormous sum of insurance he has made an inroad on the public funds to the extent of about $8 000. His party is very much worried about the uncomforiable position in which he has placed him, and the state of his mind may be inferred from his own language, the purport of which is: "The buggers don't die fast enough."

The same state of affairs is shown to exist in several other Counties, namely: Berlin, Schuylkill, Lebanon, Perry, Lancaster, York and Philadelphia. In York County a poor man, Louis Strager, has risen to be worth over $100,000, made almost wholly by having policies issued on the lives of persons in questionable health and afterward transferred to himself. In Philadelphia, a representative of a half dozen speculative companies has been found, who boasted of having written $35,000 in three days, who offered to insure a man's diseased and dying uncle, aged 88, to the amount of $25,000, $5,000 to be placed in the following companies: Commonwealth, State Capitol, Lochied, Harrisburg, Augusta and Sunbury, and $5,000 to be left to the discretion of the insurer. He guaranteed that there would be no risk in it, that he would bring his own physician, who would make the examination "right." This man sold a policy to the reporter for $11.100 on one Mary Walker for $1,000, the woman being a consumptive not likely to last more than a month. Similar cases are furnished from the other Counties named above.

Among the interesting incidents is that of a doctor insuring a patient under his charge, and an undertaker has been found to insure a man for whom he had been called to measure for a coffin. A son in one instance insures his dead father, and six instances have been brought to light where the insured have been murdered by those holding assignments of their policies.

Some of these offenders have been brought to justice, but the insurance companies are not interested in prosecuting them, though called upon to pay the policies which have been dyed deep with fraud and crime. The managers have no funds at their disposal until the death or murder of an insured person makes an assessment necessary, and in the 25 or 50 per cent. of the policy retained by them as charges consists their profits. The policy holders who pay the assessment are, of course, the losers, but as they, one and all, are expecting to profit in turn by much the same methods, they pay the assessments for a while, and in due time the company breaks up, and the gamblers in human life, unsuccessful in one company, are usually quite ready to try their luck in another.

Evidence is adduced showing that one of the Companies, the Commonwealth, has for its officers State Printer Hart, Edward Herrices, Chief Clerk in the Auditor General's office, and that, by permission, it refers to Henry M. Hoyt, Governor of the State; Hon. William P. Schell, the Auditor General; Hon. Samuel Butler, the State Treasurer; Hon. William A. Wallace, ex-United States Senator. The endorsement runs as follows: "That it may be understood that the Directory of this Association will in good faith carry into effect all they promise, they have but to point to the names of the distinguished gentlemen to whom they have permission to refer."

It is also demonstrated that there is a syndicate of the State Legislature formed in Harrisburg for the purpose of issuing policies upon the lives of diseased and dying old people, with a view of profiting thereby. There is an old man living near Siegerville, Leigh County, named Hefferfinger, 70 years of age, a worn out man, Representatives Sieger, of Lehigh, and Higgins and Schlecher, of Schuylkill, have ordered a policy for him. They have already paid $50 for other cases, Schlecher drawing the check. Other members are doing the same, but their names are for the present withheld.

FELLOWS' SYRUP.

Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

The various kinds of waste or decay that affect the human body, though attended each with some symptom not common with the rest, agree very much in this, that the basis in all is nearly the same. It is generally conceded that the majority of diseases are accompanied by faulty digestion; and such being the case, we must, in order to cure such diseases, cause the organs of digestion to perform their proper functions. No remedy has before been discovered which has so beneficial an influence on these organs as Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1881.

The general rate for money in New York during the past week was 4 ₱ cent., with exceptions at 3 ₱ cent., to-day's rate showing a little more strength. The foreign exchanges were active and higher, the rate being $4.83½ for 60 days and $4.85¼ for sight. Governments were fairly firm throughout. Railroad bonds were irregular but generally active. State securities not very active and a little weak.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 4@5 ₱ cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 4½@5 ₱ cent Bar, silver, 112¾c. Exchange strong at 483¾ for 60 days, and 485¼ for sight. Government Bonds steady for 6's and 5's and 1¼ ₱ cent lower for 4½'s and 4's. State Bonds dull and nominal. Railroad Bonds in fair demand. Since 11 o'clock speculation has been generally firm and a higher range of prices was well maintained until near noon, when there was a reaction of ¼@1¼ ₱ cent.

Government bonds—1⁰ ··coupons, 103¾; new fives, coupons, 101½; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 114¾; new fours, registered, 116; Pacific 6s of 95, 120 bid.

The value of the merchandise imported into New York for the week ended Saturday was large, having amounted to $11,638,245, which is $3,097,834 more than the value of the imports for the preceding week, and $198,825 more than for the same week in 1880. On the other hand, the exports of the port for the week ended Tuesday, April 26, were only to a moderate amount $6,532,692, or $12,241 less than for the preceding week and $1,663,262 less than for the same week of last year. At this rate of imports and exports it will take only a few weeks to wipe out the $17,896,135 comparative gain on balance over last year for this port which the last four months have given. The imports of specie since January 1 have been $27,925,818 against $3,056,488 to the same date last year, and the exports of specie have amounted to $4,139,279 against $8,816,283.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans	$1,222,400	$ .....
Specie	.....	2,485,200
Legal tenders	.....	1,993,500
Deposits	.....	1,888,800
Circulation	.....	1,882,700
Total Reserve	.....	3,380,875

The banks now hold $11,440,025 in excess of the legal requirements.

Anticipations regarding the increase of business during the past week, especially in the West, were not realized, although the volume was greater than on the previous week. Floods along the Missouri, Mississippi and other water courses did considerable damage, and retarded busines. Lake navigation has not yet assumed the proportions that might have reasonably been expected, but as the waters have subsided and Lake ports are nearly all open, a better outlook is presented for the coming week. The near future looks cheerful, and within the coming fortnight all industries will be set in motion to make glad the hearts of the toilers of the country who have waited so many weary months for the mild Spring time, when employment was sure to come.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	73⅝	73	73⅝	73¾	73½	73⅝
New Tennessee's	73⅝	73¾	73⅝	74⅝	77¾	77⅝
Old Virginia's	40	40	40	40	39	39
New Virginia's	88¼	40	88	88	88	88
Missouri 6's	114⅜	115	115½	115¾	116¼	115½
Louisiana 7-3's	59	59	60	59	59	57¼

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's 1881	103¾	103¼	103¾	103¾	103¾	103¼
U. S. 5's, new	101½	102¼	102⅜	102¾	102⅝	102⅝
U. S. new 4½'s	114⅝	113¾	113⅞	114¼	114⅜	114⅜
U. S. new 4's	116½	115¾	112⅝	115⅝	116⅜	116¼
Sterling, sight	483¼	483¼	483½	483¾	483¾	483¾
Sterling, 60 days	483¼	481¼	481¼	483¼	483½	483½
Pacific 6's of '95	130	131	121	131½	131	131

DRY GOODS.

The movement in dry goods during the past week from first hands was a little larger than on the previous week, but the present is not an active market nor very firm on dry goods in general, but the condition of things is far healthier than in the Spring boom of 1880, and although there have been declines in both cottons and woolens from the opening prices, they have been gradual and slight, so as not to seriously interfere with reasonable profits. Prints have held their own fairly throughout the season, so that while the most serious decline has been in fancy buntings and fancy worsted dress goods, the average reduction of prices in general has been small, and no serious injury results therefrom to holders who are constantly distributing their assortments. Toledo jobbers sold a very fair volume of goods, but hardly up to anticipations. Thus far the amount of goods distributed by them has been considerably in excess of last season for a corresponding period, and it is thought that the trade will be large and healthy for the remainder of the year.

WOOL

The Boston Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co. says of the Wool market: The sales of Wool show some falling off compared with last week, but on the whole a fair average business has been done. Manufacturers still purchase cautiously, only for immediate wants, and there is no indication of any improvement. Last week it looked as if we might reasonably expect a more active market, as there appeared to be a more settled and firmer feeling, particularly for fine fleeces, but this movement has not been followed up, and manufacturers appear to be as indifferent as at any time for some months. The new clip appears to be a drag at all points. In California the movement has been comparatively small. In Kentucky there has been very little doing as yet. Combing and delaine fleeces have been very quiet. Pulled wools continue to meet with a fair demand and remain quite steady.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia fleeces X, XX and No. 1, 39@40c; Michigan and Wisconsin X and No 1, 37@42c; combing and delaine, 40@44c; Territory, 16@26c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 18@32c; California spring, 22½@28c; California fall, 9 2@35c; super and X pulled, 30@48c; scoured, 28@50c; nofls, 50@45c.

HARDWARE, ETC.

This branch of trade is very active with very firm prices ruling, and an upward tendency in some lines of shelf goods. Iron is very firm, with a fair demand. The recent advance in nails is being will maintained.

LUMBER.

The market for lumber showed increased activity within the week just closed. The receipts of lumber by lake have been small as yet, but the active movement will soon be inaugurated. Dry lumber is firm, and while values have undergone no change, a slight shading in green stock may occur when supplies are full at the different yards.

GROCERIES.

Advices by telegraph from New York, say: Sugars continue very firm. Coffees steady. Teas weak. Fruits quiet.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

There is nothing new of interest to report in the Boston boot and shoe market. Manufacturers are engaged in closing up Spring business and actively preparing for the Fall trade. The Fall trade is opening in wax and hip boots, and the season will be fully inaugurated within the next ten days. Samples of split boots and shoes are out and salesmen have secured fair orders. In women's grain, polish and polkas there is a good trade for immediate use. In brogans and plow-shoes the orders are mostly made up and delivered. In calf boots and shoes the Spring trade is diminishing. In New York a good retail business was done within the week, and an increased movement was noticeable in all branches. In Philadelphia there was an increased business in the near-by trade, but less animation was noticeable in the far-away trade. The heavy floods in the West and Northwest retarded business.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

From May 1, 1880, to march 31, 1881,—the first eleven months of the dairy season,—the exports of dairy products were 84,737,533 lbs of butter, valued at $6,089,545, and 141,758,747 lbs cheese, valued at 16,084,521, the total value of the eleven months being $22,894,066 against for the same time last year, 87,400,464 lbs butter, valued at $5,952,583, and 116,117,818 lbs cheese, valued at $9,973,653, or a total value of $15,926,186, showing a gain of 25,600,000 lbs and $6,100 000 in cheese and $900,000 in butter, although in quantity there was a decrease of 2,700,000 lbs. While the exports of cheese have steadily increased for a number of years, and now form an important item in our foreign trade, yet in butter the shipments have not kept pace, and the trade remains in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition.

The bulk of the export trade in dairy products is monopolized by New York, one of the main reasons for this being that the shipments of cheese and butter require the very best dispatch possible, and such can be obtained at New York better than at any other port, as the fast steamers at that port make better time in crossing the Atlantis than the steamers from either of the other Atlantic ports.

OPIUM.

The New York opium syndicate are not apparently cast down by the present flat market for the article. A prominent member of the body stated a few days ago that while he would not deny a disappointment at the course which the market has taken, there was no disposition on the part of the syndicate to unload. This now famous syndicate practically consists of six men, all of whom are well able to hold on to their stocks, and they are determined to do so, at least until the new crop comes in. Meanwhile something may occur to change the whole aspect of the case. A New York correspondent writes to an exchange: The growing crop is by no means out of danger. As late as the 17th of June a crop has been known to be almost wholly damaged. Drouth, heavy rains locusts, or some other devouring element may come to the relief of the bulls. Then again, the available stocks are not over 2,000 cases. Now, should the present crop reach the unprecedented amount of 10,000 cases, or 1,118 cases more than the crop of 1877, the largest ever known, there would be only 12,000 cases on hand, which is not excessive for two years supply. Last, but not least, the average price of opium in recent years has been $5.80, or over $1 higher than the present market price.

HOG PRODUCTS

Special reports to the Cincinnati Price Current show the number of hogs packed since March 1 to April 27, as follows:

	1881.	1880.
Chicago	350,000	580,000
Cincinnati	22,000	22,000
St. Louis	66,000	69,000
Kansas City	46,461	45,000
Indianapolis	93,578	61,515
Sabula, Iowa	6,900	16,100
Cleveland	35,100	73,453

BLADE'S telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, May 3.—The Mark Lane Express in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: The more genial weather has had a beneficial effect. Wheat looks healthy, though still very backward. The supplies of English wheat have been somewhat more liberal. Prices have been nominally maintained at a few provincial markets, but in London and generally elsewhere trade has been slow and drooping. Buyers refused to do business in foreign breadstuffs except at a concession. The tension has now become very great, and in view of the supply on spot and afloat, it would appear that lower rates are immient. Of 27 wheat cargoes which arrived at ports of call last week only seven are reported sold, and 40 more vessels are due for orders the ensuing week. Flour has been lower and in very liberal supply. Importation of American flour has assumed proportions which have completely revolutionized the British milling trade and has been a dead weight on the wheat trade from the commencement of the cereal year. Maize has been easier. Barley firmly held. Foreign scarce and 6d@1s. dearer. Oats have been dull and unchanged. Sales of English wheat for the week, 23,918 qrs., at 44s 9d ₱ qr., against 26,955 qrs. at 45s 9d ₱ qr. for the corresponding week last year.

Intelligence from various sections during the week has been quite conflicting relative to the amount of injury done to the Winter wheat. However, it seems certain that the damage has been less than was at first expected, and the complaints are less numerous since the conditions for growing have improved under a warm Spring sun. The most notable information relative to the wheat crop is that it is expected that the acreage sown to Spring wheat will be from 10 to 15 per cent. under last year; that the crop of California will be considerably less than last year, and that the damage to the wheat and rye crop in Denmark and South Sweden is in many places irreparable. But it is better to wait until further news is received concerning these reports, as established facts may alter the face of them to some extent. Taking all the Spring wheat States together, the corn, oats and flax acreage will be increased. The visible supply of wheat is rapidly diminishing and the wants of consumers more pronounced, which is quite favorable to good markets. The New York Produce Exchange Weekly of April 29 says: "The visible supply of wheat is now under 30,000,000 bushels. The exports from July 1st to May 1st, 1880-81, have been upwards of 160,000,000 bushels. These facts would indicate a not very large amount in excess of seeding and consumption remaining in the hands of the growers, or in the invisible supply, except in California and Oregon. Of the exports noticed above about 93,000,000 bushels have been from California and Oregon, being 137,000,000 bushels for the exports from Atlantic ports since July 1st last."

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, May 3—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat and Corn rather easier. To arrive Wheat and Corn, not much doing. Red Winter and California Wheat off coast 3d lower. Corn off coast 3d lower.

LIVERPOOL, May 3—1:00 P. M.—Wheat dull heavy. Corn dull, easier and ½d lower at 5s.3½d. Red Winter Wheat 1d lower at 9s.6d. Rest unchanged. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat and Corn dull and neglected.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange the movement in cash Wheat was considerably more brisk than on the previous day, and an advance was established on all grades, with a little less firmness at the close in No. 2 Red Wabash. Spot Amber sold steadily at 112c, 1c improved. As compared with last week this grade of Wheat is 1c higher. No. 2 Amber, 109½c.

In White Wheat sales occurred in Nos. 1 and 2 White Michigan. The former was mostly taken, at an advance of 1c, 110c. The latter sold light at 106½c.

There was a fairly free movement in cash Red Wheat. No. 2 Red Wabash opened at 112¼c, fell to 112¼c and finally touched 113c, ½c better. As compared with last Tuesday this grade of Wheat is ½c higher. D. & M. of same grade brought 113c. No.